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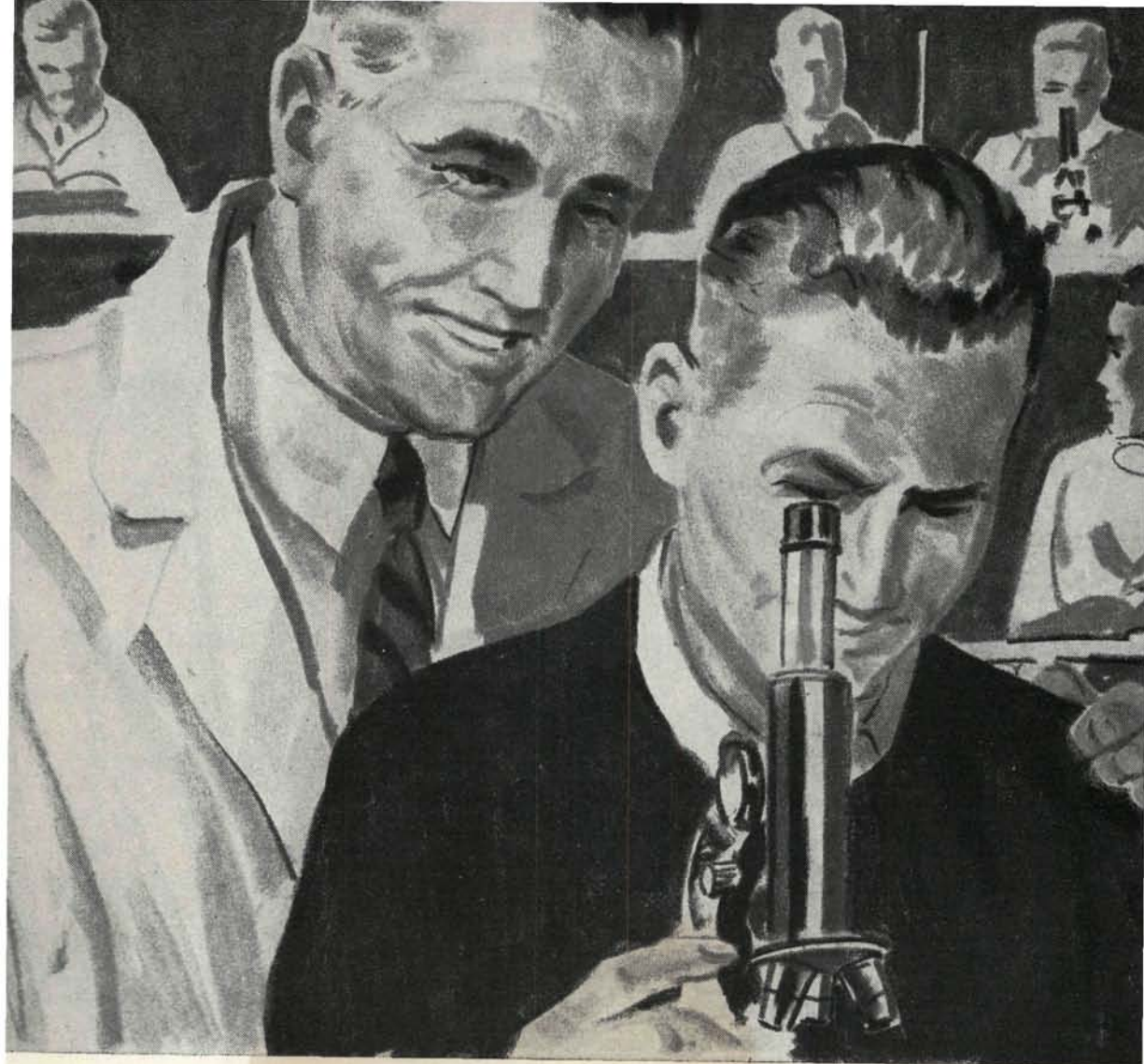
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COMMENTARY

LABOR'S TIME OF TROUBLES

The Failure of Bread-and-Butter Unionism

A. H. RASKIN

ORGANIZED labor in the United States is in serious difficulties today—and it may prove to be the healthiest thing that has happened to it in the last fifteen years. Born of insecurity and bred in conflict, American unions have traditionally tended to lose their sense of mission in times of peace and prosperity. Now that they are under attack in Congress, in the courts, at the bargaining table, and on the picket line, the unions have an opportunity to re-forge their bonds with their members by dedicating themselves anew to the proposition that unionism is a cause, rather than a business.

Indeed, if some of the nation's richest and most powerful unions are not to find themselves relegated to an increasingly inferior role in collective bargaining, and to suffer an eventual drastic decline in their power and prestige, they must overcome the present estrangement and apathy of their own members. For employers in mass-production industries, convinced that they have been "easy marks" for labor demands since the dawn of the New Deal, have resolved to

put an end to the long series of union gains. The employers have clearly determined to make their stand at this time, no matter what the cost in strikes or future ill-will may be. The year ahead should thus provide significant clues as to the ultimate outcome of this clash between Big Labor and Big Industry.

In the postwar decade, most unions recorded impressive economic advances for their members. Industrial wages rose more quickly than living costs, and often outstripped gains in productivity as well. Fringe benefits multiplied, as paid vacations, holidays, and similar concessions became almost as common for hourly-rated workers as for those with salaried jobs. Supplemental unemployment benefit plans helped offset the inadequacy of state job-insurance systems. Employer-financed pension and welfare programs mushroomed; their reserves are now a major institutional pillar of the investment market.

As the functions and responsibilities of the unions became more complex over the years, many of them became as bureaucratic in their internal structure as the corporations with which they dealt. They moved into the Big Organization class, with their leaders negotiating on equal terms with the heads of billion-dollar companies and signing agreements that fixed labor standards for

A. H. RASKIN has been reporting on labor for the *New York Times* since 1935, and in 1953 he won a George Polk memorial award for his dispatches. His article on "How Eisenhower Plans to Deal with Depression" was printed in our May 1954 number.

hundreds of thousands of workers. The typical president of a large union had to become expert in law, industrial technology, politics, finance, foreign trade, public relations, and personnel administration. The union leader's salary, which had once been kept to something like 10 or 15 per cent above the highest journeyman's wage, rose to \$30,000 a year or more. The president was inclined to regard his job as a lifetime career, and actively discouraged potential rivals—sometimes by preferring charges of disloyalty or by exiling them to some "Siberia" within the union. Staff jobs were entrusted to Organization Men, loyal to the established leaders. Unions that had once used shipping crates for office furniture now built massive headquarters that resembled the embassies of great powers. At these new buildings, the welcome mat was seldom out for the rank and file union member who wanted to put his feet up on the president's desk—or even on the assistant secretary-treasurer's.

At the same time, the union came to depend more and more on the employer to perform functions that had once brought the union into closest association with its members. Under union shop contracts, the employer in effect recruited new members for the union, as part of the process of hiring new employees. Under the check-off provisions of the same contract, he collected union dues as well. "Organizing the unorganized" ceased to be a slogan of any vitality outside such sparsely unionized fields as the textile and retail trades; new plants in the mass industries were organized largely through the automatic extension of company-wide contracts to new branches of such giants as General Motors or United States Steel.

THIS decline in organizing vigor was one of the principal factors leading to the merger of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations in 1955. The chief selling point for unity in both camps was the fact that it made possible the effective establishment of the "no-raiding" principle, under which no AFL-CIO union could organize workers covered by a

contract or bargaining certification held by another federation affiliate. True, this was a bar to inter-union piracy; but it also prevented the secession of workers who were fed up with being misrepresented by one union and wanted to escape into another. For unions wishing to be left undisturbed in possession of the workers who "belonged" to them, the no-raiding agreement was a more comfortable arrangement than having to keep persuading the workers that they were, indeed, well represented.

The no-raiding agreement was the expression of a "vested interest" conception of unionism which was difficult to square with the idea embodied in the Wagner Act, that workers were entitled to be represented by unions of their own choosing and to reconsider their choice at reasonable intervals. The development of the notion of union members as a kind of "property" was part of the long-term institutionalization of unions; it had overtones decidedly inimical to the flourishing of genuine industrial democracy.

In an article for COMMENTARY written three years before the establishment of the McClellan Committee,* I called attention to the entry of the gangster and the "influence peddler" into the labor-management field; their real significance, I noted, lay not so much in their dishonesty as in the fact that they were part of a larger trend toward anti-social forms of employer-union collaboration. A "sell-out" contract negotiated by a Johnny Dio or a Tony (Ducks) Corallo is a betrayal of the workers involved; it enables the employer to short-change his employees, with part of what he saves by the "sell-out" contract being passed on to a hoodlum union in the form of dues, "welfare contributions," or an undisguised bribe. But the cost of these unsavory practices of illegitimate unionism to the public is infinitesimal as compared with that involved in the "harmonious" agreements which bona fide unions sometimes conclude with employers, whereby they get a whopping wage increase—and

*"Unions and the Public Interest: The Degeneration of Collective Bargaining," February 1954.

the manufacturer of an essential product extorts an even greater price increase.

LABOR's difficulties today are primarily a result of three factors: the revelations of the McClellan Committee, which have led to a demand for union regulation; public concern over the inflationary impact of the wage-price spiral; and the unions' own internal feuds and weaknesses.

The Senate rackets investigation performed an invaluable service for labor, but its results thus far seem problematic. The AFL-CIO had long been aware that powerful underworld elements had captured several key unions, but the full extent of pollution did not become clear until the Senators began their hearings. Once the investigation was under way, there was no lack of disposition on the part of George Meany, Walter Reuther, David Dubinsky, George Harrison, and the other AFL-CIO leaders to fight the corrupt elements the committee had exposed. The federation quickly moved to expel from its ranks the strongest, most strategic, and most infected of all unions: the 1,500,000-member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, led by Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa. Beck went to jail, a victim of his own greed and Hoffa's ambition. But Hoffa remained unreconstructed; he thumbed his nose at the Senators, at two prosecutions by the Justice Department, and at AFL-CIO orders to treat the teamsters as untouchables.

Today Hoffa is more firmly in command than ever. Other unions, far from shunning him, clamor for teamster aid in their strikes and organizing campaigns. The teamster payroll is still rife with extortionists and strong-arm men, and Hoffa has just concluded an alliance with Harry Bridges, the pro-Communist president of the West Coast longshoremen, under which the two will, in effect, become the labor czars of Hawaii.

Ironically, the racket-ridden teamsters and the left-wing dockers enjoy exceedingly cordial relations with the major trucking and shipping companies—at a time when other unions are under intense employer attack. Furthermore, Hoffa, who is ostensibly the

chief target of the labor reform laws Congress is now considering, boasts that his lobbyists have been more influential on Capitol Hill than those of the AFL-CIO. Many independent observers are inclined to credit his boast. In any case, both the AFL-CIO and Hoffa seem convinced that any laws Congress finally does pass in the labor field will hurt legitimate unions more than they will the free-wheeling teamsters.

The AFL-CIO can, however, point to one beneficial result of its clean-up campaign, which led to the ouster not only of the teamsters but of two other tainted unions, the Bakery and Confectionery Workers and the Laundry Workers. The extent to which the federation embraced high ethical standards undoubtedly helped labor to defeat "right to work" proposals in California, Ohio, and three smaller states in last November's election. Industry groups had assumed that public resentment of union corruption would result in passage of these measures. In most states, too, the Republicans had built their Congressional campaigns around denunciations of "power-hungry union bosses." The slogan proved a dud. Labor scored its most impressive political victories since the early days of Franklin Roosevelt, and Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona was virtually the only outspoken labor critic to emerge victorious from the election. Union leaders concluded that most of the voters, however they might disapprove specific union practices or personalities, would rally to labor's defense if they felt a bill or a candidate was out to curb unions rather than to improve their functioning.

This comforting conclusion did not, however, solve the problems of unions under corrupt leadership, which has proved far more refractory than it appeared when the McClellan hearings began. So long as Meany remains president of the AFL-CIO and Hoffa president of the teamsters, the latter will not return to the federation. But in practical terms the exile of the teamsters has failed, and there is now an understandable reluctance on the part of the AFL-CIO to expel other big unions, whatever the sins of

their leaders. The federation can take effective action against small organizations, too weak to resist its dictation, but big unions like the Carpenters, whose top officers are under indictment in Indiana on charges of profiting from a highway land scandal, now seem assured of immunity.

The larger society, as well as the union members, bears some responsibility for the frustration of the anti-Hoffa campaign. Obviously, the most important factor in Hoffa's success is the continuing satisfaction of the teamsters with a leadership that brings home the economic bacon. Yet many union members were reluctant to penalize Hoffa or other labor leaders for manifest corruption when the business community seemed so undisturbed by the evidence of corruption in its own ranks. No employer was ousted from any management association because of testimony linking him with "sweetheart" contracts or payoffs to union racketeers. Indeed, most of the industry pressure for labor reform laws was concentrated on measures to hamper Walter Reuther and the United Auto Workers rather than Hoffa.

This legislative activity is part of a generally more assertive policy on the part of management in the last year. Employers have been organizing with considerable zeal in recent months to influence community voting patterns, along the very lines set up by the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE). At the same time, they are engaging labor in an outright test of economic strength over the negotiation of new factory agreements. The steel strike which began on July 15 was the most dramatic evidence that a new era of bad feeling had arrived.

Industry's new "hard" line comes as somewhat of a surprise to the unions. In 1955, Meany told the founding convention of the AFL-CIO that the battleground between labor and management had shifted from the picket line to the legislative halls. Yet the present steel strike was preceded by protracted shutdowns in the rubber and farm equipment industries, the grounding of four

big airlines, and a grueling bargaining siege in the Big Three auto companies. Looming ahead is a battle between the railroads and the unions over "featherbedding," a more explosive issue in the rail yards than in the steel industry. In these recent conflicts, labor and management seem to have reversed the roles that had been customary for them for more than two decades. Now it is the employers who present demands and form united fronts, and it is the unions who are compelled to retreat in an effort to achieve an agreement without going on strike.

Industry's new militancy stems from two beliefs: first, that union pressure for higher wages has been a principal cause of inflation and that the public is unwilling to accept further price increases; and second, that the time has come for employers to stop "coddling" union leaders who show little interest in business efficiency or product quality. These feelings are strongest in the steel industry, because the steel companies and the steel union have been most prominent in the wage-price push since World War II. The price of steel rose nearly four times as fast as prices generally, while steel wages, which were fifteen and a half cents higher than the factory average in 1945, were eighty-seven cents above the average in 1959.

So determined were the steel manufacturers that the United Steelworkers, headed by David J. McDonald, were obliged to surrender almost immediately any hopes of substantial contract improvements this year, despite high profits and fat advance orders in the industry. Management made it plain that the union would have to agree to operating economies adequate to offset any rise, no matter how slight, in wages and fringe benefits. The economies were to be effected through extending management's powers to eliminate restrictive local work practices—one of the touchiest areas of labor-management relations. At this point, any chance of a peaceful agreement vanished. The union's rank and file, which had been rather cool to the idea of striking for higher wages, showed considerably greater determination to resist management's plans for changing

work assignments and plant rules, many of which had been in force even before the union was organized in 1936.

In the struggle for the support of public opinion, the companies missed one important opportunity to put the union on the defensive. Even a token cut in the price of steel, coupled with a wage freeze, would doubtless have impressed large numbers of Americans outside the steel industry. But the companies insisted that their profits during the first half of 1959 had been artificially swollen by advance purchases as a hedge against the expected strike. Furthermore, industry maintained, the pattern-setting impact of steel wages, rather than prices, was most responsible for inflation. In 1948, United States Steel had actually cut prices \$1.25 a ton, but it canceled the cut and raised prices instead after wages were raised in the automobile industry; the steelmakers declared at the time that they alone could not hold the line on wage increases.

The outcome of the current strike will depend in large measure on President Eisenhower. He may allow the strike to continue until steel shortages begin to create a national emergency—a stage that would be reached about September. In the event that such an emergency is declared, the steelworkers would have to go back to the mills for a cooling-off period of eighty days. A second walkout at the end of this period would be a cruel test for men who were out of work as much as at work during the 1957-58 recession.

The other alternative open to the President is vigorous intervention in the manner of Harry S. Truman. The President could either appoint a fact-finding panel, or he could directly advise the parties to "settle, or else." Unfortunately, under Truman both these methods invariably led to a wage increase, soon followed by a rise in prices. Since the current dispute might well have been settled before the strike by a wage increase small enough to be absorbed, such a denouement would be a sorry one indeed. However, the employers have insisted that they have no intention of "surrendering" to

any settlement of the kind that passes the bill on to the consumer of steel. In fact, the steel companies told the White House that, in the absence of government compulsion, they will hold out forever against a strike settlement that would bring another price rise. The only thing wrong with this kind of pledge is that the national economy needs steel too badly to permit the government to keep hands off indefinitely.

THE mounting indications of tougher employer resistance, not only in steel but in most other mass industries, will quite likely temper union demands for any wage increases larger than what would reflect increased labor productivity. (Such increases require no compensating rise in prices.) In the eleven years since Charles E. Wilson introduced the productivity principle into wages at General Motors, the auto union has demanded—and received—increases in excess of the 2.5 per cent a year the formula provided. Yet the productivity principle seems most beneficial to the public at large. If a broader measuring rod is needed to assure wage equity and an expanding economy, without inflation, such questions could be approached scientifically, and amicably, by both labor and management. Some form of profit-sharing, or of an employee stock-purchase plan geared to capacity-output, might provide an answer.

Most union leaders are now convinced, however, that industry's crusade against inflation is spurious, and merely a cloak for a more basic offensive against union power. The industrialists, labor feels, would like to re-establish the primacy of the boss in all aspects of wage determination and internal plant management, thus restoring more or less the conditions that existed before the New Deal. Industry leaders deny such motives, but they make no secret of their belief that unions have used their great strength to push up costs and stifle competition. The industrialists argue that failure to check the rise of labor costs will price the United States out of world markets.

Whatever the merit of this argument to-

day, the problem of comparative labor costs could without a doubt pose difficulties for the American economy in the future. Some difficulties are already apparent. Only a few months ago, union leaders in the needle trades, who have long supported liberal U.S. trade policies, felt compelled to urge the government to restrict the flood of cheap hats and garments being imported from Japan and Hong Kong. In a rapidly industrializing world, it will require exceptional statesmanship on the part of American labor and management to gear our operating and wage policies to international trade pressures.

The incredible productivity of our mines, mills, and factories makes the trade problem all the more urgent. In most of our major industries, we face the same over-capacity to produce that has created such a glut of farm products. Unless we can expand our domestic and foreign markets, we shall be unable to keep our steel plants open more than nine months a year, even in periods of great prosperity unmarred by strikes. Similar conditions will obtain in manufacturing industries as automation multiplies our ability to produce goods of every description.

A nationwide situation of this sort, marked by a surplus of manpower and plant capacity, would strongly resemble the situation that prevailed locally in the soft-coal mines before World War II. John L. Lewis then contended that the frequent strikes in the coal pits never cost either the country or the miners anything; he had statistics to show that in 200 days the mines could produce all the fuel the nation could burn in a year. It did not matter, he avowed, whether the idle time was caused by strikes called by the union or by layoffs ordered by the mine owners.

Since 1950, however, it has become necessary to keep coal prices down to prevent the loss of all coal's markets to oil and natural gas, and Lewis himself has taken the lead in promoting efficiency through mechanization and the closing of marginal mines. The number of mine workers in the soft-coal fields has been reduced to 175,000, as compared with 700,000 forty years ago,

but the miners who remain enjoy the highest wages and benefits in any major industry. At the same time the mine price today remains what it was just after World War II.

IF AMERICAN labor today seems challenged to make a fundamental reassessment of its relations with management and with the community, the fact is that it is in a poor position to respond to the challenge. The AFL-CIO is torn by internal bickering and animosities. Meany and Reuther, its two most forceful leaders, are constantly at swords' points, and sometimes it appears that the only thing keeping them together is the fear of Hoffa and his cronies.

Yet the organization's internal problems concern much more than personalities. The no-raiding pact, the very bedrock of the merger, seems about to crumble. James B. Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers has precipitated a test case which is likely to be decisive. Despite a prohibition from the AFL-CIO Executive Council, Carey insisted on petitioning for a National Labor Relations Board election to determine whether 500 workers at a Long Island instrument plant wished to desert the Sheet Metal Workers International Association in favor of his union. The vote showed they did—by a margin of more than three to one. Now the AFL-CIO must decide whether to blink at the "raid" or order the Carey union expelled for violating its injunction. It is not likely that the 325,000 members of the electrical union will be expelled for taking in a small group of refugees from the sheet metal union. But it is equally unlikely that the raided metal union will stop boycotting air-conditioning equipment made by the electrical workers and their sympathizers, the steel workers, auto workers, and machinists—even if the AFL-CIO demands an end to the boycott.

Once defiance of executive council directives begins it will be hard to stop. Several major unions already have indicated their intention of slugging it out with AFL-CIO rivals over representation rights. One of the

bitterest fights is likely to be between Michael J. Quill's Transport Workers Union and the Utility Workers Union over control of workers in three subway power plants recently transferred from public to private ownership. The Quill union has asked the NLRB to rule that the subway plants should be recognized as a separate bargaining unit. Quill's aggressiveness in this matter stems from a painful experience a year ago. Then, the transport workers had won an election among Pan American World Airways stock clerks, who had previously been represented by the International Association of Machinists. When the AFL-CIO advised the Quill union to withdraw, it did. But the stock clerks refused to go back to the machinists, and in a second election they voted overwhelmingly to bargain through Hoffa's outcast Teamsters Union.

OVERSHADOWING the squabbling between craft and industrial unions and between rivals for personal power, is American labor's lack of positive, clearly defined goals. Automation is melting away the membership of the mass unions in many industries, in much the same manner that coal-cutters and loaders eliminated tens of thousands of miners. Even in the factories, blue-collar mechanics are giving way to technicians and clerks. Soon the power of unions to strike will be sharply reduced by management's ability to maintain operations with a relative handful of supervisors and technicians outside union ranks. This is already a major factor in the telephone industry: the dial system and automatic equipment have stripped the Communications Workers of America of any real capacity to disrupt telephone service.

The unionized area of our economy is tending to contract, and the unions have thus far failed to develop an authentic appeal to the millions of unorganized employees in white-collar work, public service, textiles, and chemicals. Employers are showing more and more skill in using weapons originally devised by unions to discomfit them in bargaining, while the unions appear to have run out of imaginative new social ideas, at

the same time that the age-old goal of "more" becomes less and less appealing as workers come to identify it with inflation.

Does all this indicate that the unions are spiritless and moribund, no longer a social force to be reckoned with seriously? Certainly no one who witnessed the recent New York hospital strike would draw such a conclusion. Old-line leaders, jaded with years of soft living, worked with the enthusiasm of youngsters on behalf of Negro and Puerto Rican hospital employees who earned less in a week than some of their own members earned in a day. The labor movement has not lost its *esprit* and sense of dedication; the fight over local work rules brought it flickering up out of the banked blast furnaces in the steel industry.

The unions remain the only consistent voice in American society agitating for higher minimum wages, a comprehensive Federal health program, increased government outlays for housing, education, aid to depressed areas, and many other measures that go beyond the bread and butter of their own members. Yet, despite the heavy preponderance of labor-endorsed candidates in both houses of Congress, labor's political influence remains sporadic at best—perhaps because politicians assume that the rank and file union members are concerned only with their own immediate interests. The politicians may be right. In recent months, organizers of COPE regional rallies reported that there was little political enthusiasm among unionists at the grass-roots level. No issue roused them from their apathy, and they gave scarcely any response to the aspiring Republican and Democratic Presidential candidates who addressed them. But the new hardening of employer attitudes may, paradoxically, awaken the workers' political interest and dispose them to participate more actively in next year's campaign. This makes it all the more urgent for labor to clarify its goals—not in the outmoded terms of class struggle, or so as to pit unions against the public, but in terms that revive the sense of vocation which makes organized labor indispensable for a democratic society.

NOTES ON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

"A Reasonable Suggestion as to How Things Can Be"?

NATHAN GLAZER

WHEN I left Los Angeles one day last February, after a week in Southern California, the newspaper I picked up at the airport reported that the population of Los Angeles County was now 5,800,000, and that it would reach some unimaginable figure by 1975. I also picked up at the airport a report of the Air Pollution Control, District of the County of Los Angeles, discussing the war against smog, and you could, if you wished, put these two things together and ominously conclude that the Southern California boom was coming to an end, strangled by the very things that brought it into being. The balmy weather between the mountains and the sea now helps to create the "atmosphere inversion" that traps the smog-producing irritants. The oil which supplied a good deal of the region's first wealth is now the source of great quantities of the poisonous substances found in the atmosphere. The open space and long beaches suggested a new style of life based on the automobile, and exhaust pipes of automobiles now contribute their share of fumes to the smog. A new city, almost without traditions, growing up in the age of the automobile, suggested an urban style that permitted people to live anywhere, and thus prevented the creation of a dense city center which might support a public transportation system and reduce dependence on automobiles.

All these things are so easy to say, and

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has long been a favorite target for critics of American life and culture; NATHAN GLAZER here elects to defend it. Mr. Glazer, a former associate editor of *COMMENTARY*, is a regular contributor. He is the author of *American Judaism* and co-author (with David Riesman and Reuel Denney) of *The Lonely Crowd*.

two years ago, after my first trip to Southern California, I would perhaps have said them and stopped there. One's bias in favor of traditional cities—Paris, London, New York—is great, and to see Los Angeles now struggling with its very special problems may afford some malicious satisfaction. But even then, on my earlier visit, there were other things to see which might have modified this too-neat picture of the most American city being destroyed by the most American product. You could (shamefacedly) be exhilarated by the long stretches of white concrete roadway, heavily traveled at a rate of speed and with a precision and articulation in moving together and making turns that was surprising to Eastern eyes. Then there were the wild hills and mountains, almost in the middle of the city, with houses perched on top of them commanding a breathtaking view, and the buildings along Wilshire Boulevard, rather bolder in style and color than you saw in the East, but blending into something that was exciting and perhaps beautiful. One part of Los Angeles reminded you of those desolate stretches of Long Island: long roads, partly developed small-house districts, nondescript business establishments along the roadsides; other parts reminded you of a World's Fair, too extreme in its modernity and shock-impact to be taken seriously. But what separated it from Long Island was that you knew, from the heavier traffic, the brighter and more ingenious neon signs, the richer gardens, that this was not a backwater, something left behind, with a city somewhere in the distance that was the real thing; this was the thing itself. The traffic, and the parking spaces around everything, meant that you could, and did, get to whatever was exciting or important or interest-

ing. And what separated it from a World's Fair was that the sense of hectic movement and activity was here to stay, and people were living in it as a regular thing.

And then you realized: there was so much activity, so much life, so much acceptance of and pleasure in this kind of life, that you could not simply turn up your nose, and rush off to San Francisco—which is certainly prettier and pleasanter, but where there is much less building going on, and where the restaurants vie with each other to achieve a more 1890's look. You at least had to look into Los Angeles, move into the traffic, onto the freeways, head toward the beaches and the mountains, and try to feel what the millions living in Southern California, and the millions more coming, were gaining, and losing.

SAN DIEGO. The city of San Diego is about 120 miles southeast of Los Angeles. It advertises itself as smog-free. It already has more than a half million people (there were only 200,000 in 1940), it is one of the fastest growing cities in the country, and it is, in some ways, more typical of Southern California than Los Angeles. It is perhaps a good place to start with.

It has wonderful beaches, a dry, sunny climate, and a magnificent view of harbors and islands from its main downtown hotel. Hills rise behind the city, but unfortunately they aren't steep enough to provide the views one finds in Los Angeles or the San Francisco bay area. San Diego looks different from other cities and it takes a while to realize that one of the reasons it looks different is that it is rich, but rich in a new and special way. You aren't struck by the splendid houses and hotels, expensive restaurants, and other evidences of wealth—even though it has enough of these. You are struck rather by the fact that it is rich communally. To begin with, San Diego seems to command all the resources needed by a city which must lay out vast sums for the roads and parking places required by a motorized populace. You find magnificent roads paralleled by even more magnificent

roads; the roadside buildings are handsome drive-ins or elegant motels, decorated with redwood, tropical plants, swimming pools, and set off by ingenious landscaping; the hills are green—thanks to expensive irrigation water; the schools brand-new with all the space in the world; the residential developments have intensively planted, well-kept gardens; there are city parks and state parks and beach parks, all well equipped; and even the used-car lots and automobile salesrooms, generally making the dreariest part of an American city, strike one as neat and clean, with their advertising signs a bit brighter and more imaginative than elsewhere. Certainly the light contributes to this effect—it is brighter and whiter than elsewhere; certainly one's being a tourist contributes to it, too. It is a tourist's reaction to see roads, and roadsides, first. But here it is also a native's reaction—they too see a good deal of the world from a car.

There is this wealth of visible, tangible things. But they are things that everyone, or almost everyone, uses: roads and parking space, motels, and drive-ins, small houses and gardens, beaches and parks, schools and government buildings. You wonder if all these roads are necessary; does this fine road need another, finer one alongside it? And if it isn't that necessary, who is paying for it? And then you come to one reason for these communal riches: San Diego is also a great naval base, and Southern California the setting for a great concentration of military bases. The entire region therefore benefits from the lavish expenditures of a wealthy government, in an area—defense—in which expenditure is always freest. So let there be yet another road, going, it appears, nowhere through empty and unusable country—but then one notices that this road is a way of getting to some air base or rocket installation, even though an unnecessarily expensive way of getting there.

The Federal government contributes more than roads to Southern California. It contributes the water by its irrigation works; it helps to provide cheap electricity with its great dams, and cheap electricity keeps

things cleaner, signs brighter, and leads to the widespread phenomenon of stores being lit up all night—all adding to the festive air. In the city itself, on a group of islands in a bay, and on the surrounding shores, a great park is being developed—one reads, “By the City of San Diego in cooperation with the Army Corps of Engineers.” The servicemen need parks, beaches, seaside facilities for their families—and the government helps pay for at least a good part of it.

Even culture is provided. In Balboa Park, in the middle of San Diego, is a huge complex of exposition buildings, one group in a rich Spanish Colonial style of architecture, another group, more recent, in more modern style. How is it possible for such a city, one asks, simply to maintain all these buildings, with their beautiful landscaping and wonderful gardens? The answer is, that there have been two expositions in San Diego—and the Federal government paid for the buildings and landscaping, or a good part thereof. And so San Diego is endowed with a wealth of facilities: with two large open air theaters (one surrounding a huge organ, one in a natural bowl), a large civic auditorium, a recital hall, buildings for an art gallery, a natural history museum and an anthropological museum, a replica of an Elizabethan theater in which a local group puts on plays, and other facilities too numerous to mention, but all of which seem far, far more than even a city of a half million can use. In any case, it is certainly more than it could have created from its own resources.

The help given by the Federal government is supplemented by private philanthropy. The outdoor organ is the Spreckels organ; one of the largest buildings is Ford Hall; the fine American Indian exhibits in one of the museums bear the name of Scripps, as does the Institute of Oceanography and the Art Gallery and Library of La Jolla, just to the north.

The government and the wealthy have contributed water, roads, institutions, buildings. And now it is all there, part of a concentration of communal wealth that is almost unequalled in the world.

TASTE. When you speak of Southern California taste, you think of the ice-cream parlor in the shape of an ice-cream cone, the hot-dog stand in the shape of a hot dog. But our images are always ten or twenty years behind the reality. A clean, simple line prevails in Southern California, enlivened by color in materials, by tasteful landscaping, and interesting patterns in wood—exuberance is now generally limited to the gardens and the planting. The new building is much better and bolder than the old—as compared with much of the rest of the country, where the new building is often worse than the old. The best buildings tend to be the public ones—the schools and colleges and universities, the motels and shopping centers.

Where, you wonder, did this new California taste come from? There was no tradition to follow. Of course the impact of modern architecture has been enormous, here as elsewhere, and seems to have produced a special local variant. (Compare the Wilshire Boulevard office buildings with the New York office buildings.) But then it dawns on one: the roads must have had something to do with it. They are a dominating experience, the only large common experience that could be responsible for the general upgrading of taste in Southern California. The new roads present not only simple and subtle lines, impressive cross-overs with intriguing concrete support structures and elegant curves, but they present also a clean, uncluttered landscape with continually varied shapes, colors, patterns. There are brown and green hills, there seaside cliffs, here meadows, there a strange strewing of boulders across hilly country. And on the whole, the way that Southern California is now being built up prevents the landscape from being quite as corrupted by roadside trash as was the case in the 20's and 30's. There are neat if uninspired government installations, sometimes an impressive group of buildings of a great commercial farm, the more exuberant commercial structures. The roads provide quite a different experience and image from those of the first

decades of the motor age. They are probably the one uncorrupted expression of a functional-engineering outlook which most Americans regularly experience.

But throughout you are struck by an improvement in taste: it would appear that wealth alone upgrades taste. For if one compares the American roadside of the 20's and 30's with that of the 50's, or with the Mexican roadside just south of the border, you see the effect of professional signs as against crude lettering, of new, smooth surfaces as against patched, broken surfaces put together of clashing materials. Wealth may corrupt taste under certain circumstances, but after a certain point, after all traditional values and proportions have disappeared (as in lower California, and the Southern California of the 20's), wealth serves to upgrade it—somewhat.

There are of course other influences on taste besides the influence of wealth operating in a society where traditional standards have disappeared. Another influence is the very lack of a "tradition" (except for the weak Spanish one), which has left the field wide open to the homemaking and "California living" magazines. And on these we see the impact of the general rise of taste in the country, and of the victory of variants of a modern approach in architecture and design. And then another influence perhaps comes from the Japanese gardeners, who are responsible for most of the Southern California gardens. These, it is true, have at first glance little in common with Japanese gardens: they are based on the intensive cultivation of small plots, and on the availability of exotic tropical plants—two circumstances which are quite different from those that prevail in Japan. And yet the general character of these exquisite gardens probably reflects the good taste of the Japanese.

THE UNIVERSITY. Just north of San Diego, and continuous with it, along a curving seacoast with mountains looming up behind, is La Jolla. The seashore has low cliffs, fringe beaches, interesting rock formations.

There are motels and apartment houses on the side nearer San Diego, and then pretty and expensive houses in pastel colors on quiet streets, and then a town center with expensive shops, tea-roomy restaurants, a library, a school, an art museum; palm trees line the streets. You think, the Riviera cannot be nicer: hardly anything on any American coastline compares with it. And yet here the University of California has bought a tract of land and plans to build a huge new campus that in time will be as big as Berkeley and the University of California in Los Angeles, and that may be as distinguished.

This is perhaps the most striking introduction to democracy in California: that the free state university takes for a new campus (and can afford to take) some of the best and most desirable land in the state. And this, too, in a state which, because so much of it is desert, mountain, and agricultural valley, does not really have a great supply of good residential land. Nevertheless, the university moves into an exclusive seaside resort and will in time bring in thousands of poor students—who will certainly change La Jolla—and thousands of not-so-rich employees and faculty members—who will change it even more.

A Jew cannot buy a house in La Jolla today: so I was told in San Diego, where it was reported to me that even the son of a Federal judge had been unsuccessful in trying to purchase there. But what will happen to La Jolla when hundreds and then thousands of faculty members pour in, with ten and hundreds of Jews among them? Then La Jolla's little prejudices will be helplessly swept aside.

There is at present another growing campus of the university on another magnificent California coastline, near another elegant town, Santa Barbara. Another great campus will be built in the Monterey-Carmel region, one of the most beautiful coastal areas in the state, and one of its most important tourist attractions, with many expensive houses and much desirable real estate. But nothing is too good for the Uni-

versity of California—the best faculty, the most expensive buildings, the best sites in the state. Before long it is expected there will be 100,000 students at its various campuses.

If you strike inland from La Jolla, taking a somewhat longer route to Los Angeles, you go through deserted, rolling country, with some good farms, and through strange, foothill country, and eventually you come out onto a great agricultural plain, the citrus-growing area which stretches westward to Los Angeles and beyond. There on the plain, up against the hills, lies yet another campus of the University of California—Riverside. Handsome, low, prairie-style brick buildings begin to outline a new campus (it is only a few years old) which is to be kept small, and which is to concentrate on a liberal arts education in a setting similar to that of small colleges in New England and the Midwest. But this small college already has resources that those other small colleges can often hardly touch: just because it is free and supported by public wealth, while they are expensive and must be supported by private donations. I walked through the open-stack library at Riverside and thought of the library that is being put up after years of painful effort at the small New England college where I was then teaching. This library had been created overnight, and yet it already surpassed that other one. It had complete series of many important scholarly and academic periodicals, it received almost every periodical one would want to look at, it had pleasant outdoor reading areas and great numbers of new books.

LOS ANGELES. You then proceed through Riverside itself, a pleasant town of old trees, white-painted wooden houses, and a movie theater that was showing *Open City* when I passed through. The traffic now begins to get heavier, the roads begin to widen, and you are soon approaching Los Angeles.

Finally you are on an elevated road that carries five lanes of traffic each way, and that approaches other great roads carrying the same incredible load of traffic. To enter Los Angeles on the freeway from the west, and

to see the other freeways coming in, crossing over each other, with enormous rivers of cars moving from one artery to another—this is an amazing sight. What wealth has been poured into the Los Angeles freeways! How many hundreds of millions are yet to be spent upon them! From one perspective, this is a huge, misguided undertaking, a great waste of resources which might have been used for an efficient public transportation system. But it also helps make possible a life in which everyone chooses his time to come and his time to go, in which people can swim in the afternoon, work at night, and shop in huge supermarkets in the early morning, in which only a small proportion of the population of a huge metropolitan area ever sees, or has cause to see, the downtown region, in which everything can be done from a car, and in which the New Yorker, to whom a car is a torment, discovers the efficiency of being in a city in which every house, store, institution is surrounded by its own parking space. Here you can conduct your business, go to restaurants and movies, visit friends, on your own schedule. An enormous expanse of space, capital equipment, gasoline is required. But you think too that the world can probably support one great city of this type, and in any case only one country has the resources and the land to carry through such a utopian enterprise. Utopian it is, because a city of this type demands that every adult has his own car—and Los Angeles is not very far from that now. Yet still the traffic moves, and more rapidly than in New York.

But finally you get off the freeway to descend into an endless Brooklyn or Queens: single-family houses, stretching for mile upon mile, with occasional streets devoted to business. But with this difference from Brooklyn or Queens: that here everyone has chosen his way of life, while Brooklyn and Queens have not been chosen, but taken out of necessity. The sense of a chosen city, a desired way of life, a realized wish, is strong. We should not be deceived by the surface resemblance to the endless “bedroom boroughs” of New York and Chicago. Here

the bedroom and living room are mixed. The streets with little houses are as busy with traffic as great thoroughfares in the East. This may offend our sense of the proper organization of a city, but in any case the curse of the bedroom is removed when it is not separated from the city by a long ride, at the same hour each day, by subway, trains, or bus. Here the city is scattered all around, as if a bomb had distributed Manhattan south of 59th Street homogeneously throughout Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx.

THE PEOPLE. There are of course the old people who have retired, and moved in hundreds of thousands from the Midwest and South. Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust* described them with horror, and fixes the image of Los Angeles as a place of horror. And yet you don't see these people: they are not on Wilshire Boulevard or in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills, or Westwood, or Fairfax, or in the Valley, or in Boyle Heights, or on Adams and Jefferson Boulevard. Perhaps there are fewer of them than there used to be: they are in any case less mobile and certainly less visible than other parts of the Los Angeles population. More visible are hundreds of thousands of Mexicans, and hundreds of thousands of Negroes. Despite the tight-lipped oldsters from the Midwest and the South, Los Angeles is quite an enlightened city: not as enlightened as San Francisco and New York, but not far behind them.

It is the second largest Jewish city in the country—there are 400,000 Jews or more. There are 40,000 Japanese, more than before the wartime relocation, which uprooted thousands from farms. The old concentration of these groups in downtown Los Angeles has been broken up, by relocation and then by the vast postwar freeway building which has wiped out large areas in the downtown section that were Negro, Mexican, Japanese, and Jewish. This downtown destruction has been combined with vast building on the outskirts: and so the Negroes and Mexicans and Japanese and poor Jews can find fairly

good housing (by that I mean—better than in other cities in which they live) that has been left behind by other groups moving out, and we find Negroes, and Mexicans, and Jews, and Japanese, or two or three of these groups, living amicably together in many neighborhoods.

The main Japanese neighborhood has now moved to the west, and stretches for perhaps a mile or so along West Jefferson, and reaches back into surrounding streets. It blends into a Negro neighborhood to the east, and is itself mixed most of the way. You see large and prosperous stores run by Japanese, you see a score of real estate offices—advertising investment property, which seems to be favored by the group. You see a well-designed supermarket with attached one-story offices (a common California arrangement—everyone thus has parking space)—and they contain the offices of a Japanese architect, accountant, lawyer, doctor, dentist. You know too that from this neighborhood and others come great numbers of students for the University of California in Los Angeles—1,000 Japanese attend the university, I was told.

And then there are the young people. So many American cities lose them, so few attract them. Los Angeles is one of those that still attracts them. It is far away, it is different, there are jobs, some of them interesting and glamorous. You suspect that Hollywood's declining predominance in the entertainment industry has been accompanied not only by a rise in its taste, but a rise in the level and character of young people that it and the related entertainment industries attract. You wonder whether Hollywood twenty years ago could have provided the people to support so many little theaters, coffeehouses, and other gathering places for young people of artistic and intellectual bent. In any case, Los Angeles today, with New York and San Francisco, has a "Village"—a place with little theaters (more than one) and coffeehouses, small night clubs in which you hear folk singers, psychoanalytically-wise comedians, flamenco guitarists, and such. Whatever the meaning of all this

for the history of culture (and it may be a curse, conceivably), for a city it is fun, and you can hardly imagine a great city without its bohemia. Los Angeles qualifies; its bohemia is different in quality, perhaps inferior in quality, to that of San Francisco, as that is perhaps inferior to New York's. But its differences also make it interesting. The three bohemias sort out, from the young people coming from the towns and cities of the country, and from these three cities themselves, somewhat different types. Some people, of course, try all three.

Bohemia, too, is democratic: and in a party on the Hollywood hills you will find people who will want to act and people who have actually been seen on the screen, a nightclub chef (his working hours are the same as the entertainers, and he knows them), a jewelry salesman, a psychiatrist from New York for a medical convention, people who are quite indefinable, and a visiting intellectual from New York. The house is an expensive one, but the party is being held in a kind of basement room in which a poor hopeful actor lives, built into the hill, and opening on a garden with a swimming pool, and there is a fine view of the city—for it is winter, and the winds have blown the smog away.

WORK. Los Angeles looks less like a place where people work than any other great city in the world. There are no busy skyscrapers filled with office workers and garment workers, as in New York. The tallest buildings in the city are some downtown government buildings, some elegant hotels, the Prudential Life Insurance Company on Wilshire Boulevard, the Angelus and Mormon temples. There are oil wells and refineries—but they require few workers. The movies and television are main industries, and you do see huge studios—but that is not exactly one's typical image of work. There are factories—but they make things like airplanes and electronic equipment, which require no belching smokestacks. There is no surge of workers into and out of the city—the traffic is dense morning and evening,

but it is going both ways, and you can't be sure who is going to the beach, the supermarket, Disneyland, or to work.

Indeed, the gap between work and play in Los Angeles must be narrower than in any other great city. Where do people work in Los Angeles? In supermarkets, in gasoline stations, in parking lots, in the movies, in hotels and motels and restaurants, as gardeners, in offices which have tropical plants and bright cars right outside the door, outdoors as building workers, indoors in bright new factories. And the same universal vehicle, the car, serves work and pleasure interchangeably, and the vast complex of economic activities which serve the car also serve work and pleasure interchangeably.

Life is hard and life is earnest, and there are coal miners and steelworkers and auto workers and textile mill operatives—but not in Los Angeles. There freer styles of work prevail, operating in an urban environment which is more successful in obscuring the sharp division between work and non-work than any other. There are the backyard swimming pools and the beaches, which can be used three-quarters of the year, there is the huge array of service jobs which can be worked at part-time and at odd hours and on odd days, there are all the non-working people who have come with a little money and invested in real estate, and those who have come with nothing but live on pensions. More people act as if they were on vacation (and must feel it, too) than anywhere in the world. There is no way of telling it is Sunday in Los Angeles unless one looks at the calendar.

Los Angeles produces less than any other great city of the things that, from a grim, Protestant way of looking at things, anyone really *needs*. And yet it grows like mad. And those other cities, that supply the country with useful things like coal and steel and cloth and machinery, decline. For Los Angeles, everything has been made easy. The vast investment that is required to maintain 6,000,000 people and 3,000,000 automobiles in the desert seems to require little effort from anyone. The water and the electricity

come from hundreds of miles away, and the government helped to pay for it anyway. The oil only has to be taken from the ground. The cars come from Detroit. The roads are paid for by the government, or the gasoline tax. And the complicated engineering effort needed to do all these things only requires money and engineers, and there is plenty of both. There is the smog—but that too can be solved by money and engineers. It is hard to see how the machine can stop, and leave these people without water for the gardens, electricity for the bright lights, cars to run around in.

All the rhythms in Los Angeles are different—the daily movement in and out of the city center is hardly greater than other movements, the weekly cycle is scarcely noticeable, the seasonal cycle is different. That dividing line between work and non-work that is at the basis of so much of Western achievement, and misery, loses its sharpness. But perhaps for our society in general work has already done its job, and we can keep things going with much less of it. And if we can, Southern California is not an aberration, but a reasonable suggestion as to how things can be.

THE SUPREME COURT'S CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM

Balancing the Interests of Society and the Individual

EARL LATHAM

IN HIS inaugural lecture on "Two Concepts of Liberty" at Oxford University last October, Sir Isaiah Berlin professed a faith in freedom that resembles the philosophy of John Stuart Mill and of the liberal group in the Supreme Court of the United States. This view may be summed up in the dictum that, unless men are left to live as they wish, the whole society will suffer. Without a free market in ideas, the truth will not come to light. There will be no scope for originality, spontaneity, genius, or moral courage; society will be crushed by the weight of collective mediocrity. The freedom defined in this manner is a "negative" kind of freedom, essentially a freedom from restraint, and the defense of this freedom is an unsleeping effort to repel interference with the maximum autonomy that can be reposed in the individual—especially interference by the government.

This kind of freedom, however, is easier to define than to achieve, for what is decisive in every instance is where one draws the fateful line between the personal and the social, the one and the many, the "I" and the "They." In the last five years, in a series of major decisions, the justices of the Supreme Court have been making heroic efforts to draw new lines of freedom. To use the common judicial metaphor of equilibrium,

they are striking new balances between the claims of society and of the individual. But the task is formidable, for the weights shift and vary, and some of the judges won't even admit that they have the right to hold the scales.

The case of *Barenblatt v. U.S.*, which was decided on June 8, with the justices dividing five and four, illustrates the problem. (The poet Robert Frost has suggested that, when the judges divide five and four on any issue, they should draw lots to see which will be the majority opinion and which the minority one, for a 5-4 decision hardly tells one what the law is; it can only signal the existence of a deep division about what the law is.) Lloyd Barenblatt, an instructor at Vassar, was convicted of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer certain questions about Communist affiliations. He defended himself on the ground that the jurisdiction of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to conduct the investigation was not clear; that the relevance of the questions to some valid purpose of Congress was not demonstrated; that the objective of the Committee was to expose the witness to unfavorable publicity and not to gain some valid legislative end; and that the entire inquiry, therefore, was an invasion of his rights under the First Amendment, for which there was no justifying reason in favor of the government. These were excellent arguments, because most of them had been taken out of the opinion of Chief Justice Warren in the case of *Watkins v. U.S.* in 1957. But *Watkins* won, and *Barenblatt* lost. It is hard to believe that both decisions can be law at the same time.

What was the Court doing in the *Barenblatt* case? Speaking for the majority, Mr. Justice Harlan said that he was balancing

EARL LATHAM is the Joseph B. Eastman professor of political science at Amherst College and the chairman of its political science department. He has served in the Federal Bureau of the Budget, the Office of Defense Mobilization, and the United Nations. His books include *The Group Basis of Politics* (1952), *The Philosophy and Policies of Woodrow Wilson* (1957), and *The Politics of Railroad Coordination* (1959). Professor Latham is a new contributor to COMMENTARY.

the interests of society and the individual, although to some it appeared that he was not using the same measure that had been employed in the Watkins case. The record, Harlan said, "is barren of other factors which in themselves might sometimes lead to the conclusion that the individual interests at stake were not subordinate to those of the state. . . . We conclude that the balance between the individual and the governmental interests here at stake must be struck in favor of the latter." This statement drew a sharp retort from Mr. Justice Black, who said in dissent: "I do not agree that laws directly abridging First Amendment freedoms can be justified by a Congressional or judicial balancing process." First Amendment rights, in his view, are absolute. But even if one accepted the metaphor of equilibrium, Black continued, the majority had not put the proper factors in the scales. The balance to strike, he said, is not that between the right of the government to preserve itself, and Barenblatt's right to refrain from revealing Communist affiliations, if any. The real interest in Barenblatt's silence is "the interest of the people as a whole in being able to join organizations, advocate causes, and make political 'mistakes' without later being subjected to governmental penalties for having dared to think for themselves."

For Justice Black, fundamental freedoms are never to be put in the balance, because they are absolute and indefeasible. The Court's notion that First Amendment freedoms must or might be abridged to preserve the country, he said, "rests on the unarticulated premise that the nation's security hangs upon its power to punish people because of what they think, speak, or write about, or because of those with whom they associate for political purposes." The effect of the majority opinion, he said, is to outlaw the Communist party and to liken it to a criminal gang, and he seems to reject both the act and the simile. "It has been only a few years," he said, "since there was a practically unanimous feeling throughout the country and in our courts that this could not be done in our free land." The "party

as a whole and innocent members of it could not be attainted merely because it had some illegal aims and because some of its members were lawbreakers." Although Hungarians, Poles, and East Germans might not be quite so *dégagé*, for Black the Communist party is a party like any other, and questions about its activities are invasions of First Amendment freedoms; the struggle for men's minds must be allowed to go on apace in the market place of ideas, by which he presumably does not mean the Lubianka Prison or even the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Committee, as he views it, is an agency trying "fearfully and futilely to preserve democracy by adopting totalitarian methods."

AT STAKE in this clash of views between Justices Harlan and Black is not only a difference about the weights to assign to the public and the individual interest, but a serious difference about the role of the Supreme Court in the American political system. For Black, and for Warren and Douglas, and sometimes Brennan, the Court seems to be thought of as a moral force, an agency through which activist judges aggressively promote a sectarian version of what Walter Lippmann called "the public philosophy," their own dispassionate "higher view," with rather little regard for the views of the elected representatives in the states and Congress who have put on the books the statutes that judges construe. This, of course, is what the conservative judges before 1937 did also, except that it was in the name of free enterprise that they acted as overseers of the commonwealth and the economy. It was civil liberty they were promoting also, they said, but civil liberty with an economic content, a kind of Manchesterian civil liberty in which the principal freedom was freedom to prosper according to Ricardo and Adam Smith.

Mr. Justice Frankfurter is the leading member of the other group in the Court, which feels that the judges should be modest about themselves, at least in their relations with the elected authorities; and in

this view, he is joined with varying degrees of attachment by Justices Harlan, Clark, Whittaker, and the most recent appointee, Stewart. They see it as the function of the Court to give effect to the desires of the elected representatives who presumably reflect the wishes of their constituents, whenever this is possible; and it is possible most of the time. It is not for them to upset legislation that they think is foolish or even fraught with peril, as Justice Holmes used to say. Unless there is a palpable violation of some black-letter provision of the Constitution, the judges have no revisionary function. Certainly it is not for the justices to substitute their views about desirable public policy for those of the elected representatives of the people.

Justice Black, it must be said, seems to have become a convert to the view that Congressional investigating committees are instruments of oppression only since his accession to the Court, for he did not think so when he was Senator Black of Alabama, in charge of important investigations. He thought so well of the investigating function in the middle 30's that he wrote an article about it in a national magazine. There he said: "There is no power on earth that can tear away the veil behind which powerful and audacious and unscrupulous groups operate save the sovereign legislative power armed with the right of subpoena and search. . . . Witnesses have declined to answer questions from time to time. The chief reason advanced has been that the testimony related to purely private affairs. In each instance with which I am familiar, the House and Senate have steadfastly adhered to their right to compel reply, and the witness has either answered or been imprisoned. . . ."

"Public investigating committees, formed from the people themselves or from their public representatives . . . have always been opposed by groups that seek or have special privileges. The spokesmen of these greedy groups never rest in their opposition to exposure and publicity. That is because special privilege thrives in secrecy and darkness and is destroyed by rays of pitiless publicity."

Senator Black could hardly agree less with Justice Black about the function and propriety of Congressional investigating committees, and about the nature and motives of the opposition to these committees. But it is like killing fish in a barrel to spear the Justice with the words of the Senator, and consistency may indeed be the hobgoblin that Emerson said it was. Black's dilemma—whether to be with the majority or against it, whether to succor the individual or to support the crowd—is the classic dilemma of civil liberty, complicated in the present Court by confusion as to what the Court's role is in the American system, and therefore its function with respect to legislation that majorities enact.

THE Supreme Court's concern with civil liberties is rather recent—it goes back no farther than the First World War. For the first hundred and thirty years after the establishment of the republic in 1789, the Court lacked adequate concepts, or jurisdiction, or issues of the kind that develop the law of civil liberty. By the end of the First World War it had both the issues and the jurisdiction, and it proceeded to develop the necessary concepts. Until the middle of the 1930's, however, defendants almost invariably lost, as the judges tended to decide issues of civil liberty against them and in favor of the government. In maintaining the balance between society and the individual, the Court was most often impressed by what it thought was the superior weight of the state's position, and its decisions were properly characterized as conservative.

But even while the conservative view prevailed, the principal liberal position was being worked out by Justices Holmes and Brandeis, and encapsulated in the famous formula, "clear and present danger," which they argued in dissent. This formula so weighted the balance between the society and the individual that the latter was bound to prevail in matters of free speech up to that point where his utterances might constitute a clear and present danger of bringing to pass evils that legislatures had a right to prevent. The

phrase was originally a formula for deciding when speech could be punished under statutes that forbade deeds; it held that the word could be punished as the deed in those circumstances where the word might quickly become the deed. It passed from this simple service as a rule for statutory construction into a principle of democratic politics, marking the margins between the concern of the state to maintain security and that of the individual to voice his opinions.

Both majority and dissent during the 1920's agreed that speech could be coerced to protect the security of the society at some point. The difference was that the majority favored "tendency," and the dissent favored "imminence," as a test of the danger that both agreed could be averted by the state. It was under the tendency test that Benjamin Gitlow, in a famous case in 1925, was convicted for making a routine Communist speech in New York before a crowd that had no obvious intention of marching on Albany or Washington. By 1936, however, the Court had abandoned the tendency test and embraced the test of imminence, and under the more liberal rule, Angelo Herndon, who had been working to establish a Black Republic in Dixie, was let go.

UP to the middle of the 1930's, then, the record of the Supreme Court in civil liberties cases was rather dismal, but a violent change came over the judges in 1937. One must remember the context to understand why. From 1935 to 1937, a majority of the justices were bent on saving the country from the New Deal, and although conservative elements applauded this suicidal course the American people and Franklin Roosevelt were less enthusiastic. After the massive electoral victory of 1936, the President brought pressure against the judges in the form of a proposal to permit him to appoint new justices (up to a maximum of six) for each justice in the Court who, having reached the age of seventy, refused to retire. Congress eventually rejected the legislation, but the Court capitulated to the pressure and changed its philosophy. New

Deal acts that had been unconstitutional before 1937 became constitutional after 1937. And with this *volte-face*, the prestige of the Court declined to a very low point indeed. It acquired no new favor with liberal elements by the switch, and it lost the favor of the conservative elements that had previously supported it.

But the Court was resilient; having surrendered to the political authorities its power to supervise the economy, it set out, under the leadership of Chief Justice Hughes, to recover its prestige by providing technical assistance to certain underdeveloped areas of jurisprudence—in particular, the law of civil liberty. It became the champion of civil liberty for all, and not just for entrepreneurs, and the law of civil liberties may, not improperly, be said to have been developed since that time. Much was accomplished between 1937 and the Second World War. The seed was laid in this period for the view, which was to ripen in the Segregation Cases of 1954, that compulsory segregation of Negroes in the public schools is a violation of primal constitutional guarantees. The white primary was killed. The basis was laid for the enlargement of the religious freedom of certain minorities, like Jehovah's Witnesses, and for the separation of the elements of welfare and religious subsidy in cases of special interest to Catholics. Other cases did something for union organizers in protecting their right to discuss and establish unions in company-dominated areas. In a notable case, the Court upheld the right of the CIO to make speeches in the public parks of Jersey City against the *diktat* of Mayor Hague, for whom law lay in the end of the policeman's nightstick.

But then the war came, and although civil liberties continued to advance in certain directions, they did so somewhat sluggishly; in others, they stopped entirely. Compulsory flag salutes in the public schools were held to be unconstitutional when they violated religious conscience, and Jehovah's Witnesses were permitted to expand their activity under judicial guarantees to lengths that, in some cases, seemed rather extreme.

But the Court in extraordinary session upheld the military conviction of saboteurs; supported the authority of the military in Hawaii which had suspended the civil processes and put the islands under martial law; and acquiesced in the forcible removal from the Pacific Coast of Americans of Japanese ancestry. In these respects, at least, the Court showed itself somewhat insensitive to libertarian claims that it might have honored normally. Some judges, however, like Frank Murphy, insisted, in dissent, on the full recognition of basic civil liberty, war or no war.

WHEN the Second World War was over a new group of issues clamored for decision. Chief among these was the adjudication of the provisions of the Smith Act of 1940. In 1941, a Circuit Court of the United States had upheld the conviction of the Dunne brothers, leaders of the Minneapolis Trotskyite faction, but the Supreme Court refused to review the convictions. The legality of the Smith Act was not to be tested in the Supreme Court until the Dennis case in 1950, in which leading members of the Communist party were found guilty of having conspired to advocate violent overthrow of the government of the United States.

At the time the Smith Act was put on the books, the Supreme Court was using the test of imminence (that is, clear and present danger) in cases where mere speech was coerced by the state. It is probable that, if the Smith Act had been adjudicated right after it was passed, the Court might have held it unconstitutional on the ground that mere advocacy, without more, constituted no clear and present danger of revolutionary disorder. But 1950 was not 1940, and what might have been unconstitutional in the earlier year was constitutional in the later one. The Court used neither the test of tendency nor the test of imminence in reaching its conclusion in the Dennis case, but fashioned a new test out of materials supplied by the court below. The new test was the "discount of

improbability," and the defendants were convicted because the "gravity of the 'evil,' discounted by its improbability" was such as to justify the state in punishing mere conspiracy to advocate.

The Dennis case fell squarely within the middle of the first of two periods after the Second World War in which civil liberties cases figured prominently. This first period lasted from 1946 to 1954, and the second period is the one since 1954. In the first of the two periods, the Court, although badly split throughout, tended to decide cases involving civil liberty in favor of the government—that is, in favor of the regulations of the President, Congress, and the states to control subversive activity, to establish loyalty and security systems for the screening of government employees, to investigate subversive activity in many walks of life, and to require the attendance of witnesses and the forcible disclosure of testimony. It was a period of great tension in the political system, and the Court tended to defer to the political authorities, much as the justices had done during the Second World War.

In the second of the two periods, however, all this was to change. Although defendants had almost always lost before, they now began to win. Although some of the change may be accounted for by the addition of new justices to the Court, the principal reason for the change seems to have been a social *détente*, a relaxation of tension. This relaxation coincided with the arrival in Washington of Eisenhower and the Republicans, a new administration that did less to produce the change than to symbolize it. For the election of 1952 was an act of turning away by the American people, a flight from crisis. For over two decades they had labored under the burden of responsibility for fellow men at home and abroad, first in the depression, and then in a great global war, a peninsular war on the Asian mainland, and in the cold war with the Soviet Union. They wanted to have done with all this, to shed responsibility for social concerns, to put away

uniforms and marching shoes, to make money, and to enjoy the pleasures of suburbia. Far from being an ineffectual "captive hero," baffled and ensnared, as liberals imagined, Eisenhower exactly symbolized the new aspiration, combining as he did some of the characteristics of George Washington and Huckleberry Finn. In the first role he symbolized the trust of people that he would take care of things for them; in the second, he shared with them an interest in golf, bridge, Western stories, and other aids to summer vacations.

With the arrival of the new era of good feeling (some Democrats won in 1954 by promising to support Eisenhower better than the Republicans), the Supreme Court once again returned to the task, interrupted by the wars, that it had begun in the late 1930's—the rebuilding of the law of civil liberty. The announcement in 1954 that segregation in the public schools was no longer constitutional was an earnest of the new directions the Court intended to pursue. In a great burst of judicial invention, the justices held in the 1954 and 1955 terms that the security programs of the Federal agencies were to apply only to "sensitive" positions, and not to all; that the discharge of a teacher at Brooklyn College without a hearing for the sole reason that he had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional committee lacked due process; and that the state conviction for subversion of Steve Nelson, a leader of the Communist party in Pennsylvania, was unwarranted because the states had no jurisdiction to prosecute for subversion against the United States (thereby, the Court set aside the statutes of forty-two states, Alaska, and Hawaii).

THE climax of the Court's new concern for civil liberty occurred during the 1956-57 term, when the justices made major rulings in a number of leading cases. The most important of these was *Watkins v. U.S.*, in which the Court held that a witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities could not be held

in contempt for refusing to answer questions, the relevance of which to valid purposes of Congress had not been explained to him. The Court went further and seemed to hold that the Committee itself was without jurisdiction to make an inquiry into Communist action in Chicago labor unions, because the charter of the Committee was unacceptably vague. As Chief Justice Warren put it, "Who can define the meaning of un-American?" The Court also reversed, on the basis of facts that were not materially different from those in the Dennis case, the convictions of the so-called "second string" California Communists in *Yates v. U.S.*, in an opinion that now said that mere advocacy of subversion was not punishable. Of the three contradictory justifications for governmental regulation of speech—tendency, discount of improbability, and imminence—the justices appeared to have reinstated the third. The Court also nullified convictions for having organized subversive groups by holding that the Smith Act could only apply to the initial establishment of such groups, including the Communist party, and not to their continuing missionary campaigns. According to the strained interpretation of Mr. Justice Harlan, the Smith Act of 1940 could not, in 1940, have convicted defendants of a conspiracy to organize the Communist party, because it had originally been organized in 1919. The statute of limitations would have tolled.

In at least five other principal cases in the 1956-57 term, the Court took positions against the government and in favor of defendants that would have been unthinkable even five years earlier. It reversed the conviction of four Pennsylvania Communists because of suspicion that the testimony of one of the witnesses was perjured, although the materiality of this testimony to the conviction was not established, and although the Court had before it only the record of 5,000 pages which it admittedly had not read. It put hampers on the prosecution when it reversed a conviction for filing a false non-Communist affidavit under the National Labor Relations Act of 1947, be-

cause the defense had not been given access to a confidential report to the FBI made by a prosecution witness who had been put on the stand. It forbade the California Bar Association to refuse admission to the bar of a candidate who had declined to answer whether he was a Communist. It reversed the conviction of Paul Sweezy, who had refused to answer questions about his political connections in a one-man inquiry conducted by the Attorney General of New Hampshire which the justices said the Attorney General had no authority to make. It reversed the action of Secretary of State Dean Acheson in firing John Service from the State Department on loyalty grounds because the former Secretary of State had not followed established Department procedure. (Service was a Foreign Service officer who had given copies of his reports to Philip Jaffe, the editor of *Amerasia*.)

The crusade of the judges against security and loyalty systems, Congressional investigating committees, the FBI, state investigating and prosecuting authorities, the Smith Act, non-Communist affidavits, and the like was, in its way, like the passion of the conservative judges in 1895 when the Court tried to save the country from Populism and in 1935 when it tried to save the country from the New Deal. In all three of these instances the Court regarded itself as a great moral force, ordained by self-conviction and the Constitution to frustrate and nullify the works of popular majorities in the interest of overriding values.

AFTER the massive judicial advance into new domains of libertarian assertion in the 1956-57 term, the next year's term was one, for the most part, of minor operations and mopping up. In 1957-58, the justices freed defendants who had been entrapped into committing the crimes for which they were prosecuted; kept the state of Alabama from destroying the NAACP (temporarily, at least); made some confusing statements about wire-tapping, about which they have been making confusing statements since

1928; kept Gilbert Green and Henry Winston in jail for failing to appear for imprisonment after their conviction in the Dennis case; curbed loyalty oaths in California; and held that a subway conductor in New York and a school teacher in Philadelphia were properly discharged for unreliability and incompetence, although circumstance suggested that they had really been discharged for refusal to answer questions about political connections, or for having pleaded the Fifth Amendment in other proceedings. The Court also refused to grant relief to certain Hollywood petitioners, including Gale Sondergaard and Howard Da Silva, who had pleaded the Fifth Amendment in Congressional hearings and had been blacklisted by the producers and distributors in the motion picture industry. Some of these cases, like those of the subway conductor and the school teacher, seemed to represent some qualification of or withdrawal from previous positions.

Although minor cases generated some uncertainty about the strength of the new liberal commitment of the Court, there were others in which the justices marked new boundaries of restraint around governmental authority. Chief among these was the matter of the authority of the State Department to refuse passports to applicants believed by the State Department to be members of the Communist party. In the case of *Kent v. Dulles*, Rockwell Kent, who had applied for a passport to attend a meeting at Helsinki of the Communist-sponsored World Peace Council, was told that he could not be granted a passport because of regulations issued by the Secretary of State, on two grounds: that he was a Communist, and that he had had "a consistent and prolonged adherence to the Communist party line." He was also told that before any passport could be issued to him, he would have to submit an affidavit as to whether he was then or ever had been a member of the Communist party. The Court struck down the regulations issued by the Secretary of State on the ground that Congress had never authorized the Secretary

to refuse passports to people for the reasons he laid down. Whether Congress *can* vest such an authority in the Secretary of State is a constitutional question which the Court did not decide.

Although the constitutional question was not before the Court, Justice Douglas addressed himself to it, saying that he did not think that Congress *could* deny travel abroad to citizens of the United States just because they are Communists. In this phase of the case, the majority and the dissent threw anonymous Harvard law school professors at each other. In speaking of the benefits of foreign travel that all citizens, including Communists, might enjoy, Mr. Justice Douglas, quoting a Harvard law school professor, instanced "marriage, reuniting families, spending hours with old friends." The dissent countered by quoting from another Harvard law school professor on how the happy hours abroad could be spent in taking counsel with comrade colleagues, arranging for a steady flow of cash and information, and otherwise promoting the proletarian apocalypse. The outcome of the controversy between the anonymous professors must await a case in which Congress authorizes the Secretary of State to make new regulations.

THE main thrust of the Court in five years of adjudication has been to enlarge the rights of persons and to diminish the authority of the government to restrain freedoms regarded as basic. Besides the areas discussed, the Court has extended its intervention into immigration and expatriation proceedings, the rights of defendants in courtroom procedures, and, after some hesitation, rights of publication and freedom from censorship. In the most recent term, 1958-59, there were new strokes of judicial policy, especially in the fields of censorship and industrial security. In the case of *Greene v. McElroy*, the Court held, 8-1, that the Defense Department had no authority from Congress to refuse to private employees clearance for classified information, where the employee had had no opportunity

to confront his accusers in the security proceeding. This decision shakes the whole security system established for the screening of 3,000,000 employees in private industry who work on government contracts. The whole Court, without dissent, reversed a New York ban on the movie *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which had been laid under authority of a statute that prohibited movies that present "acts of sexual immorality . . . as desirable." And the Court held over until next fall further hearing on the constitutionality of the membership clause of the Smith Act.

In these five years the Court quite obviously, openly, and deliberately has worked to redress and correct the political tendencies of a decade and a half before. In the language of Mr. Justice Jackson in the Godkin Lectures in 1954, the justices have actively exercised a political function. As he put it: "The political function which the Supreme Court, more or less effectively, may be called upon to perform comes to this: In a society in which rapid changes tend to upset all equilibrium, the Court, without exceeding its own limited powers, must strive to maintain the great system of balances on which our free government is based."

One of the balances is "the liberty of the citizen, or between the rule of the majority and the rights of the individual." Thus we are back to Isaiah Berlin and John Stuart Mill, and the clash between Harlan and Black as to whether rights are absolute, and the split between the activist moralist faction and the conservative prudential faction among the justices as to what the role of the Court really is.

The metaphor of equilibrium is hard to escape. Although Justice Black rejects the concept of balance where First Amendment freedoms are concerned, it is, nevertheless, civil liberty that is in the scales, and if a static balance is never quite reached, the decisions of the justices, now for and now against, tend toward equilibrium. The weight of the *Watkins* decision is lightened by the *Barenblatt* case; the advance against

state prosecutions for sedition in the Nelson case is confused by the retreat from this forward position in a subsequent case that seems to suggest that the states are not entirely out of business in prosecuting for subversion; a citizen may be expatriated for voting in a Mexican election, but a soldier may not be expatriated for desertion in wartime, although he may be shot.

Central, perhaps, to the Court's new view of civil liberty is a different perception of the Communist party from that which prevailed with the majority of the justices in the early part of this decade. There are some outside the Court, like Benjamin Ginzburg in *Rededication to Freedom*, who are critical of the assumptions about the Communist party on which the investigations and the loyalty and security programs in both the states and the Federal government were based. For him, the whole concern with Communist activity of a large part of the country from the late 1930's to the middle of the 1950's was a figment of the political imagination, a kind of hoax put over on the people by politicians, a deliberately manufactured scare for which there was no basis in fact. He goes so far as to suggest that in the Hiss and Rosenberg-Sobell cases, possibly the government suborned witnesses and fabricated evidence.

The Court nowhere gives evidence that it accepts any such thesis as this, and it acknowledges the right of the government to take measures necessary for the internal security of the United States. The right of the government to legislate against active subversion is still intact; the power of Congressional committees to investigate is undiminished. The *powers*, that is to say, are not less, but the objects to which they may be applied are somewhat different. Is the Communist party a conspiracy, a criminal gang to which the full measure of the power to control and regulate may be applied? It seemed so at the time of the Dennis case, but it has not seemed so since the Yates case. Is the risk of subversion so dangerous that Congress and the executive must be allowed to screen all

who work for the government? It would have seemed so at the time of the Dorothy Bailey case in 1951, but not at the time of the Cole case in 1955. The Court clearly does not think that the U. S. Communist party is such a clear and present threat to the security of American institutions as to justify the application of the full measure of the legislative and executive power to the control or removal of the risk.

BUT if the Court's perception seems to have altered, that of numerous publics outside the judiciary, and even inside it, has not. The Court has come under the strongest criticism in twenty-five years for its decisions of the last five. Some of the criticism, like that of the Daughters of the American Revolution, would appear to be inconsequential, but that of other groups is to be taken more seriously, because it is more responsible. In the summer of 1958, a large majority of the chief justices of the state supreme courts made public a resolution in which they chided the Supreme Court for transcending the bounds that they thought should circumscribe judicial behavior. The American Bar Association in February 1959 adopted resolutions that avoided castigating the Court specifically, but asked Congress to restore virtually all that the Supreme Court has undone recently. Erwin Griswold, dean of the Harvard Law School, has expressed concern about the workmanship of the Court in some of its cases. Numerous Congressmen have attempted to reverse rulings of the Court, and in some particulars (the compulsory disclosure of FBI reports, for example) have been able to do so. The mystique of the independent judiciary in the American system is such, however, that hostile critics in the legislature and executive are not likely to get far with schemes of drastic reconstruction of either the law or the Court. Roosevelt at the height of his power could not do it.

The Court, like the Constitution itself, is not in the long run reconstructed quite so much by direct criticism from the out-

side as by its involvement in the democratic process. It may seem odd to refer to this aristocratic body, removed as it is from close contact with popular politics, as a party in the democratic process. But while it opposes popular majorities on some issues, it nevertheless consciously attempts to serve what it often refers to as the felt needs of the times. If the Court does not indeed always follow the election returns, its decisions are followed by elections which record the enduring popular commitments—to which the Court will eventually yield. By the record of the Court's history, it is a rather unreliable guardian of the fundamental liberty, even in the last forty years, since it first really began to take an interest in the freedoms that are unconnected with the making of money. Its balancing instrument is more like a seesaw than a set of scales. Liberty is a big thing

now but it wasn't ten years ago; it was a big thing in the late 1930's but not in the 1920's.

The current enthusiasm of the justices for the enlargement of personal freedom, and the success which defendants recently enjoyed in the Court, should not, therefore lead to mistaken judgments about where the real victories in libertarian issues must be won. This is not in the courts, but at the polls and in the legislatures. Freedom is won and maintained by self-help in democratic political actions. A victory in the legislature makes a trip to court unnecessary, but a victory in the Court may be reversed by the legislature—or by the judges themselves under pressure from the legislature. The legislature derives strength from its contact with the people, constantly renewed, and in the end, must prevail.

ONE MORNING IN A MAABERA

From the Israeli Scene

ALEX WEINGROD

IT WAS one of those winter days between rains, when the air is bright and clear, yet never warm enough to take the chill from your feet. I had been playing social observer for several weeks so I already knew most of the immigrant camp officials and the office hangers-on. The game and the language were still new to me, but I tried always to nod and smile knowingly, to look wise and not too uncomfortable.

Most mornings I drove up in my large car, parked near the dingy building, rolled up the car windows, and then went to search out my informants. That day I had arranged again to see David, the camp director, to continue our conversation. David was sitting behind his desk in the small office when I came in, and he smiled when he saw me. He removed his glasses and began to rub the lenses on the sleeve of his jacket.

"Ah, Mr. Alex, come in please, I just have to finish a few things and then we will have time to talk. Come, sit down over here." He pointed to a chair near the desk, and I sat. For a moment we exchanged pleasantries, I in my clumsy Hebrew, David correcting the poor phrases, desiring to be gracious in the wooden setting. We sat smiling across the littered desk, as if smiles meant intimacy and ease. He shifted in his chair, and turned back to his papers. Outside there was the noise of a drum beating time to a children's song, and I reminded myself that I should interview the teacher. I waited for him to finish. It all

began to feel very monotonous and somehow sad.

David continued to shuffle papers. Before being introduced to him I had been told all his vital statistics: he was a Tripolitanian, and he had two wives, one who cooked for him, and one whom he went home to. They smirked when they told me, and I suppose I did too. I forgot the story soon after I met the man, for David hardly seemed to fit so exotic a tale. He was short and becoming pudgy, with a brown, almost swarthy oval face, and he habitually wore the rough suit and open collar of an Israeli minor official. He had liked the idea of my coming to him and our sitting and talking. I would sit in his office and watch and listen, and afterward he would explain what had happened, taking pains to be certain that I understood. When others asked who I was he would smile and explain that I had come to see and learn, and that I would write a book. The idea appealed to him. It gave our mornings a gloss of importance.

We sat silently for a few moments, David searching his papers and I trying to recall the questions I wanted to ask. As always, the quiet was interrupted without notice. A boy appeared in the doorway, and stood there staring at me before entering the room. I thought he looked eighteen or nineteen. He was thin, with blond, well-combed hair; he wore a turtle-neck sweater, the kind the Israelis call "French." He walked toward the desk and began to speak to David in Arabic. David slouched back in his chair. Now and then he interrupted the boy's speech, and then their voices grew louder. Finally the boy turned to leave. He glanced toward me and said, this time in Hebrew, "All right, then I'll wait for the police. They told me they'd be here soon."

ALEX WEINGROD, a new contributor, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1931, and holds a doctor's degree in anthropology from the University of Chicago. A Ford Foundation grant to study change and continuity in new immigrant villages took him to Israel, where he is at present working as director of social research in the Settlement Department of the Jewish Agency.

He left, and David got up from behind the desk and walked to the door. Naturally, I was interested, and I asked what had happened. David began to say something, but then he stopped and excused himself, saying that he had to leave for a few minutes, and asked if I could wait. I said of course, and he left the room. I watched him walk off toward the closest row of huts.

I had grown used to waiting. I saw some men outside whom I had met before, and I walked out to meet them. They smiled when I came up, and we joked for a moment. I asked them what had happened. They knew, of course. One of them, the grocer, explained. That boy, he said, is in the army. He had a hut of his own in the camp, and he used it on weekends when he had leave. It was a good hut, with a good roof. Yesterday the boy came home, and found the door broken off his hut and a family living inside. The squatters were also from the camp, but their hut was old and broken, and their roof leaked. So they had broken the door of the empty hut and moved their beds into it. Now the boy had gone and complained to the police, and soon the police would come.

I listened to the story and nodded. We all said it was a great shame. When would they finally move into permanent housing? Inevitably we spoke of the new apartments being built for them. I heard again the stories of trouble: they were poor, they had no work, they were North Africans, and no one cared. You needed 300 pounds to buy an apartment, and where would they get the money? Some people in the camp had money, but they were just *poalei dachak*—occasional laborers on public works. New immigrants from Poland and Rumania got new homes with electricity, but the government gave them the *maabera*. Who would help them? Well, you had to be patient, they concluded, invoking the magic formula that always ended a tale of woe: be patient! I had heard it before, but I was impressed again. Their life was very hard, they had real troubles; so I shook my head, sympathetically.

DAVID meanwhile had returned. I continued to stand outside the office, waiting for a chance to break away politely. The men were chatting in Arabic, laughing at private jokes, warming themselves in the heat of the sun. One of them nudged the others, and they all turned toward the huts. I turned too. Three figures were coming up the dirt path to the office, two boys and what was unmistakably their mother. I stood and watched them approach. There was something crazed yet powerful, almost fearsome, about their entrance. The two young boys, seven or eight years old, were wildly dancing round the mother's bare feet. They were smiling nervously at no one in particular, calling out in a weird sing-song of Arabic and Hebrew. The boys fell behind the mother to laugh and shout, then dashed ahead as if to clear the way. They were mimicking her, and yet peering toward her with faces filled with pride and hope, as one looks to a leader in moment of battle. The mother never so much as glanced at them. When they came closer I saw that she was an enormous woman. Her faded print dress could hardly hold the bulk. Everything about her was round and somehow hard—her face, her body, her legs. She was massive, almost thick with fat and bone. The woman seemed to roll with short certain steps; she was so much a mother, yet it was as if an armored tank were approaching, accompanied by two mad footmen. I leaned closer with the others to watch this oncoming juggernaut.

When they reached the building, the two boys raced up the few steps, laughing and twisting about the entrance to David's office. There they stopped, looking back at the mother with that nervous mixture of parody and pride. They were waiting for the show to begin. Folding one thick arm beneath her giant chest the woman halted outside. Immediately, as if it were all rehearsed, she began to scream through the door to David's office. The high Arabic shot out in one long barrage. We heard David's voice from within, but she shouted over his words until she had finished. She was still,

staring silently through the open door. I did not understand the Arabic, but David's answering tone seemed one of conciliation. Then suddenly she opened up again, and we heard David too shouting from within. Now they were both screaming at each other, the words grappling and smashing in battle. It lasted for at least several moments, and we all stood and watched. Then suddenly, for me inexplicably, it was over, and the men about me began drifting away. The woman still stood near the steps, and I could hear David walking about inside.

Now that it had grown quiet again I felt awkward standing alone. The best course seemed to get some explanation from David, so I carefully walked past the woman and into the office. David was startled when he saw me, but he smiled faintly and asked me to sit down. His face was still red from shouting, and he had not yet regained his composure. He felt some need to apologize. "You see," David said, "we always shout. It's like talking with us." I tried not to look dubious, for I felt sympathetic. David walked up and back, pacing upon the thin boards. The scene obviously had upset him. Then he explained what had happened. This woman and her husband had broken into another person's hut while the other was away. It was winter, and their own roof leaked. Now the police had been called, and they would arrive in a few minutes. He sympathized with the woman, but you couldn't have people going about breaking into houses. What could he do?

We both sat quietly then, waiting. A few minutes later the police came. The boy whose hut had been broken into announced their arrival. David and I got up and walked outside. There were three policemen sitting in an open jeep. All three wore blue uniforms, and the one in the back had on dark sun glasses. David went over to talk to them, and I watched from the side. A crowd had already gathered. The children across the yard in the nursery school stopped their games and stood staring through the wire fence.

The blond-haired boy stood next to the

jeep, again explaining what had happened. He looked nervous, and kept licking saliva back into his mouth. David stood next to him, nodding his head and adding details. The police looked bored; they sat listening from their jeep, looking at the huts and the crowds of children. Finally the telling ended and the policemen said they wanted to see the hut. The driver asked if they could drive there, and David said they could. David went back to lock his office, and the whole crowd began to walk off after the jeep.

I HAD never been to that part of the camp before. The huts were like all the others: large sheets of tin nailed to pieces of board. There were cans and rocks strewn about, and I could see that we were tramping over the outline of kids' games scratched on the ground. The gullies cut by the rain made it hard for the jeep to pass, but the driver shifted into low and crawled through the holes. We walked past some workers tearing down huts; when they saw the jeep and the crowd they joined us, asking what had happened. They spoke Yiddish, and I thought that they were Agency workers. The jeep finally stopped about fifty feet away from the shack; the driver was afraid of getting stuck in a ditch. One of the policemen, the one with sun glasses, crawled carefully out of the back and walked over to the hut. The other two stayed sitting in the jeep. We all stood in a bunch near the hut.

I don't know what I had expected, but it was a big disappointment. All of us watched while the woman and her old husband (he was a thin man, with incredibly long ears, bending with brittle legs stuffed into worn flat slippers) carried their angular beds out of the boy's hut. Apparently they had begun even before the police arrived. The two children were rushing about, playing at throwing cans into an old blanket. The blond boy followed them about, making sure they took everything. He showed the broken door to the policeman and said, grievously, "Who'll fix this now?" The policeman mumbled something, but it was hard to catch his feelings with the dark glasses covering his face.

He stood apart from the crowd, perched on some stones, his arms folded on his chest.

The old man and the woman began dragging the mattresses out. Standing and watching with the others I wanted suddenly to help. But I looked first at the men standing near me, and I changed my mind. The people from the *maabera* just stood and watched, every now and then exchanging a few words. No one seemed moved. The Agency workers were in a circle away from the others, making laughing comments in Yiddish. There were five or six of them, stout men with cloth caps pulled over their foreheads. They were telling stories about ignorant North Africans who didn't mind living in a dump, who didn't know any better. I stared at them with what I hoped was anger; I think the Yiddish annoyed me more than the words. The others stared at them too. I heard someone say out loud "*Vus-vus-vus.*" Another said, "Why don't you speak in Hebrew so we can all understand!" But nothing happened. Some of the crowd began to leave.

THE old man and the woman had disappeared for a moment. We were all just waiting for it to finish. I saw the woman in the hut picking up some metal plates and a teapot. She carried them out, squinting in the sudden glare of the sun, her face flat, without expression. She stood alone with the broken hut behind her, the children rolling about her feet. I watched her look at the policeman, and suddenly, without warning, she stalked off toward him. He was still standing on the clump of rocks, his hands now clasped behind his back. Looking down at her through his dark glasses he seemed pale and fragile. For a moment she just stared at him, as if waiting for a sign. But then, with a sudden burst, a stream of words shot from her lips. The policeman stood his ground, swaying slightly, the words spraying up at him. She was still speaking when he called to David. "Tell her I don't understand Arabic." David smiled weakly and waited for her to finish. When the words

finally stopped David spoke, but again the woman opened up. The policeman crossed his feet and looked down at the ground. Again he said, this time more annoyed, "Will someone please tell this lady that I don't understand Arabic!" A voice in the crowd called out to the woman. But she continued, not heeding the interruption, gesticulating broadly with her massive arms, her eyes never leaving the policeman's face. He began to look uncomfortable. "What is she saying?" he asked David. David translated. "She says that she and her husband are old and they cannot find work. She says she has young children and nothing to give them. She says that her roof leaks. She says that the government promised to help but she gets no help."

"But why is she yelling at me?" the policeman asked in a suddenly high voice. "What does she want from me? I'm not to blame."

David turned as if to ask, but the woman had already begun again. The words seemed to beat one atop the next. The policeman looked even thinner. The words rushed on and on. Finally he could stand it no more. "What is she saying now?" he called to David.

"She says she has three older children but they have all been taken into the army. She asks what will happen to her now."

This time the policeman shouted. "Is it my fault that her children are in the army? I'm not to blame, am I? What does she want from me?"

David said something to the woman, and she answered. He looked up at the policeman. "She says that she just wants you to listen. That's all." The policeman stared, and then looked away, frowning. David laughed. The woman stood still for a moment longer, staring at the dark glasses. Then slowly she turned and walked back to the hut, and disappeared inside.

A few minutes later we all left. The boy was trying to fix his door. The policeman had climbed back into the jeep, where the other two waited, and they drove off. On the way back I stopped to watch some men tossing marbles at a mark in the sand.

HAROLD ROSS'S "NEW YORKER"

Life as a Drawing-Room Comedy

HILTON KRAMER

A FEW years ago when the art critic for the *New Yorker* went abroad to report on current art activities in London, Paris, and other European centers, I began receiving regular telephone calls, often several a week, from a zealous young man in that magazine's Checking Department. I confess that the first time the fellow introduced himself, I thought the Checking Department must be something like the Accounting Office and I couldn't imagine why he wanted to talk to me. When he made it clear that he was a kind of researcher, I was, as I suppose many people are the first time around, rather flattered to think I could help out such an august body in its scrutiny of the facts, and I cheerfully volunteered a considerable amount of information on the question at hand, namely, the relationship of certain French critics to schools and styles of painting. In the course of the first week's telephone conversations, I found myself giving a little lecture on the ideological positions of some of the major critics on the Paris art scene. It was the kind of information which anyone following the international art scene with more than passing interest would pick up in the course of his reading and observation. I hadn't, at that date, even been to Paris myself.

HILTON KRAMER, who finds in James Thurber's *The Years with Ross* an occasion to discuss one of America's most successful magazines, is editor of the monthly *Arts*, and has contributed criticism to *Partisan Review*, the *Reporter*, and other magazines. His last article in COMMENTARY was "Exhibiting the Family of Man," in our October 1955 issue. Mr. Kramer is now at work on a volume dealing with 20th-century painting and sculpture, which Doubleday Anchor Books will publish next year.

Naturally, after this personal contribution to upholding the *New Yorker's* famous standard of accuracy, I was curious to see what the articles had to say. As they began appearing in the magazine, I was astonished to find myself reading the same old stuff one always found in the *New Yorker* wherever art was the subject under discussion. There were the same tired phrases and the same bored attitudes, as if the writer had only just managed to shake loose of his ennui long enough to take note here and there of what was going on. If one took the phrasing of the article literally, it seemed that the writer had only just happened to "drop in" to this or that exhibition, that he merely chanced to "catch" a certain artist's work or to note a certain critic's position. The phraseology fairly slouched in its attitude of repose, and no doubt acted as a balm to those readers who might be worried lest the subject get too serious.

Yet, behind this air of relaxation, one could not help detecting the terrifying relentlessness with which a serious subject—and a subject, moreover, in which the writer's vital personal response counts for a great deal—had been parodied, trimmed, ridiculed, and finally made boring and absurd by the author's attempt to make it seem completely effortless, utterly common-sensical, and open to the most easygoing attention. But I was struck all the more at the absurdity of this feigned ease when I realized that it wasn't the author's work—my conversations with the young man from the Checking Department made it clear that the author himself had sweated over his reports and, even at that, hadn't got matters quite straight—but that of the rewrite man. I marveled at the discrepancy between the pains taken to get the facts of the matter as accurate as pos-

sible, and the quite different effort that had gone into making the subject seem easy and almost inconsequential to the reader.

Anyone who ponders this discrepancy will sooner or later want to come up with some explanation of its necessity. For myself, I don't see how we can avoid concluding that the principal reason for the *New Yorker's* method is ignorance: the ignorance of writers first of all, and ultimately the ignorance of readers. In a society which could assume a certain level of education and sophistication in its writers and journalists—which could make the assumption because it shared in that education and sophistication—there would be more of a public faith that writers knew more or less what they are talking about. A few inaccuracies of fact here and there would be of little consequence, and indeed might even be welcome. (Half of the most enjoyable letters-to-the-editor in the English weeklies would never be written if that country's most cultivated journalists and men of letters were not always overstepping the bounds of factuality on some point or other.) Only where there is a deep-seated ignorance, abetted by a phony desire to appear completely knowledgeable, is factual error or some minor fault of usage an unforgivable sin.

The *New Yorker's* editorial method strikes me as a peculiarly American phenomenon, and it is instructive to compare it to the method of *Time*, which most *New Yorker* men regard with contempt and disdain (having graduated, many of them, from the Luce academy themselves). In some ways the method is remarkably similar. For just as *Time* aspires to turn every political story or book review into a middlebrow soap opera, the *New Yorker* attempts to make every encounter with culture and politics a drawing-room comedy. Where it succeeds in this endeavor, it commands the greatest loyalty from its readers. The cartoons, I suppose, are the most sustained example, but some of the magazine's celebrated writers have also become famous through this endeavor. The role of smug drawing-room comedian was the specialty of the late Wolcott Gibbs

during his long tenure as drama critic, and it is still the special—one often thinks, the only—talent of the present incumbents in the movie, art, and music departments.

WHAT I could not have realized before reading James Thurber's memoir of the late Harold Ross,* the founder and first editor of the *New Yorker*, is the degree to which the *New Yorker's* method was the direct outgrowth of the ignorance of the man who founded it, a man who was in many ways such a key figure in the history of American journalism and manners for over a quarter of a century. Thurber provides a warm, affectionate, mildly humorous account of Ross. If, as a book, *The Years with Ross* is also prolix, sentimental, and filled with something dangerously close to self-love, it only resembles the kind of family reminiscences which have become a stock feature of the *New Yorker* itself. Since Thurber's connections with Ross and the *New Yorker* go back to the 20's, his memoir also has some of the elements of an informal company history—a company history written by a humorist who is placed in the difficult position of having to repeat many well-known company jokes. *The Years with Ross* is written with all the love, honesty, and inside information which one has a right to expect from an old friend and colleague, but to anyone who didn't know Ross personally—and for all I know, perhaps to many who did—the figure who emerges from its pages is not a very attractive man. He is ignorant and vain, often cruel and stupid, and in the grip of a dream which is always—in this country anyway—supposed to forgive all the sins which ignorance, vanity, and cruelty inspire: the dream of technical perfection.

Harold Ross was born in Aspen, Colorado, in 1892. He went to work as a reporter on the Salt Lake City *Tribune* when he was fourteen, and later worked for papers in California and in the South. During the First World War he was editor of the *Stars and Stripes* in Paris. When he came to New

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York after the war, he worked for the *American Legion Weekly* and *Judge*, and began making plans for the weekly magazine that would become the *New Yorker*. The magazine was founded in 1925—"the outstanding flop of 1925," Thurber calls it. Its beginnings were slow and not very distinguished. Its initial printing was 15,000 copies, and its literary contributions were not, as Thurber admits, exactly brilliant. Gradually, the magazine gained momentum as it gathered around itself the journalists, humorists, and cartoonists who were eventually responsible for its success: Dorothy Parker, E. B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, Marc Connelly, Gluyas Williams, Helen Hokinson, Peter Arno, and of course, Thurber himself.

What these contributors brought to the magazine was an air of big-town sophistication. They aspired to a style which would be jovial, deadpan, and slightly bored. Above all, it was to be a style, which, for all its knowingness, was to be terribly, terribly innocent. Altogether, it was a concept of sophistication which at the very start was stilted and phony. It was to be sophistication without any talk of sex, politics, or religion—which is to say, sophistication with the guts removed. It had to rely on personalities in entertainment, business, and café society for its comic as well as its reportorial sustenance. In the original prospectus for the *New Yorker*, Ross indicated that "There will be a personal mention column—a jotting down in the small-town newspaper style of the comings, goings, and doings in the village of New York." This bizarre idea that the ultimate in sophistication was to regard New York as a "village" whose most trivial comings, goings, and doings had to be checked and rechecked by a staff of zealous researchers before the most ephemeral item of reportage could be committed to print, underscores the phoniness of the whole enterprise.

The *New Yorker* was in its beginnings very much a newspaperman's idea of a magazine, and a small-town newspaperman at that. One soon discovers in reading Thur-

ber's memoir that most of the contributions which earn one's respect in the magazine nowadays—say, the occasional literary pieces by Edmund Wilson, the poems by Theodore Roethke, Howard Nemerov, and others, the architectural criticism of Lewis Mumford, and, this past year, the drama criticism of Kenneth Tynan—would have been beyond Ross's ken and outside his interest. He apparently regarded Clifton Fadiman, during his term as the *New Yorker's* book critic, as too much of a highbrow to be completely understood by himself. His opinion of Edmund Wilson, who succeeded Fadiman, is unreported.

Thurber does not refrain from reporting the celebrated examples of Ross's ignorance. He was a man on whom the most common literary reference was lost. Everyone will have his favorite story on this subject, but I think one of the most illuminating is Thurber's account of an evening spent with Ross, Mencken, and Nathan. Ross is often thought to be a kind of Menckenesque figure, and Thurber's anecdote shows how mistaken this view is:

"... Mencken and I began talking about Willa Cather. We were still discussing 'the old girl' when Ross caught the name, turned it over in his mind a couple of times, and then said, 'Willa Cather. Willa Cather—did he write *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*?' I couldn't see Mencken's face, but I felt the puzzled quality of his silence, and hastily came to the rescue of a situation hopelessly snarled by Ross's incomprehensible confusion of Willa Cather and John Erskine. 'Ross hasn't read a novel since *When Knighthood Was in Flower*,' I said, 'or *Riders of the Purple Sage*. He doesn't read anything except what goes into his magazine.'

"'I haven't got time to read novels,' Ross admitted."

Far from resembling Mencken, Ross was distinctly the kind of unlettered provincial who, had he held any position other than the one he did hold on the *New Yorker*, would have been the perfect target for Mencken's jibes about the ignorance of the American businessman.

WITHOUT a fuller and less sentimental history of the *New Yorker's* first decade, we cannot know to what degree Ross himself was actually responsible for its success. Reading between the lines in Thurber's book, one has a sense that E. B. White, Katharine Angell, Wolcott Gibbs, and Thurber himself gave the magazine its distinctive character. In any case, one thing is clear enough: Ross was primarily responsible for the fanatical devotion to clarity and accuracy which has come to characterize the *New Yorker's* editorial style. In a way, I suppose, only someone like Ross, unread and without curiosity on any literary or intellectual subject, could have brought the *New Yorker's* editorial method to such an advanced state of refinement. Only someone who could regard language as a purely technical medium, as open as any other technique to mechanical scrutiny, could have pushed this method to its final triumph over expression itself. A mind less barren would have been sidetracked by some distracting intellectual substance.

Yet it was not only its editorial method Ross perfected, but also the magazine's peculiar outlook on the world of sophisticated culture. The Irish critic Donat O'Donnell, writing about Thurber's book in the London *Spectator*, has recently given the best account of the nature of this outlook and Ross's role in it: "An important source of the *New Yorker's* financial strength today is that great class which thinks itself entitled not merely to appear but actually to *feel* cultured, without undergoing any dull and painful preparation, such as being educated. The conquest of this class was Ross's achievement."

By the time of Ross's death, in 1951, the task of keeping up the appearance of sophisticated culture was already far more complex than it had been in the early days, and for that reason there was already a great deal in the magazine which was beyond the interest or comprehension of Ross himself. Since his death, the task has grown even more complicated and the magazine itself rather less certain about its exact domain of interest.

Still, the divided, slightly schizophrenic outlook which has characterized the *New Yorker* all along, and which necessarily characterizes any publication or individual who feigns an interest in cultural matters without the curiosity or capacity to face them squarely on their own terms, continues to mark the tone and substance of the *New Yorker* today. That is Ross's legacy to his heirs. It turns up in many small ways, and occasionally in rather blunt and unequivocal terms. I think this is immediately evident if we consider what has happened to the drama criticism in the *New Yorker* since the death of Wolcott Gibbs.

Gibbs's successor has been not one man, but two—and a neater demonstration of the schizoid mentality of the *New Yorker's* present editorship would be hard to find. On the one hand, there is Kenneth Tynan, the brilliant and witty critic of the London *Observer*, who was invited over to cover the Broadway season. On the other hand, there is a young company man named Donald Malcolm, who was assigned to the off-Broadway theater. Now Tynan is not only a witty and literate critic with a talent for the stylish phrase; he is also hard-headed in matters of dramatic art, and he has recently demonstrated the kind of concern for the social and political significance of the theater which would have been extremely distasteful (if indeed comprehensible) to Harold Ross. Inevitably, perhaps, because of his interest in both the aesthetics of the theater and the social crisis of our time, Tynan has become something of a Brechtian in his critical views.* A Brechtian writing about the Broadway theater for the *New Yorker*: what could be more unlikely? Yet, confined to

*In the last few years Brecht has become a sacred figure to the writers, intellectuals, and theater people whose views dominate the critical columns of the *Observer*, the *New Statesman*, and other London weeklies. In Tynan's case, one has the impression that the example of Brecht—not only as a playwright and theorist, but also as a practical man of the theater who was able to bring his political and artistic allegiances together in the productions of his Berliner Ensemble in East Berlin—figures as an important standard of value in his critical judgments.

Broadway, Tynan is not in a position to offend *New Yorker* taste. He can blast away, if he likes, against Broadway offerings, and his writing still falls into the category of critical snobbery that regular addicts of the magazine expect from Gibbs's successor.

The off-Broadway theater, however, is out of bounds to Tynan. The task of reporting on this sphere of dramatic art, where occasionally a play of some literary, avant-garde interest shows up, has been given to Mr. Malcolm, who must represent some kind of biological mutation in being an earnest, educated, articulate spokesman for all the philistine values so dearly beloved by Ross himself. His review last season of Chekhov's *Ivanov* made history (of a kind) even in the annals of a magazine noted for this kind of thing. Written as a colloquy between the critic and a cab driver and ostensibly a parody of the Chekhovian style, Malcolm's "review" managed very neatly to bypass the entire substance of the play. The editors are right in thinking they have a real "find" in this young man; his employment pays in full their debt to Ross's memory no matter how far they may have to go in offending it in other directions.

THERE are a lot of laughs as well as some tiresome and irrelevant anecdotes in Thurber's memoir, but there is one chapter which remains unassimilated to the neat image of Ross and his times. I found it memorable and shocking, but scarcely understandable in the bland terms of Thurber's prose. It is the chapter called "The Secret Life of Harold Winney," and in this case Thurber's glib reference to his own Walter Mitty story only serves to betray his incapacity to deal with a subject which, in truth, might have been a challenge to Dostoevsky.

Harold Winney was Ross's private secretary from 1935 to 1941. "In his years with Ross," Thurber writes, "the pallid, silent young man steadily swindled the editor out of a total of seventy-one thousand dollars." Thurber himself regarded Winney with extreme distaste: "I remember [him] mainly

for his cold small voice, his pale nimble fingers, and his way of moving about the corridors and offices like a shadow." Apparently Ross did not take sufficient notice of him to have any feelings at all. "I do not believe that Harold Ross ever looked at the man closely enough to have been able to describe him accurately," Thurber writes. "He was what Ross once irritably described as a 'worm'—that is, an unimportant cog in the *New Yorker* wheel, a noncreative person."

Winney came to work for Ross at a time when the magazine was expanding and Ross's work was growing more burdensome. He delegated fantastic powers to his anonymous secretary, including complete control over his bank accounts and financial securities. During a trip to Europe in 1938, Ross gave Winney power of attorney over his financial holdings, and never revoked the privilege when he returned to New York. Moreover, what made it easy for Winney to draw more and more easily on Ross's fortune was his boss's gambling habits; Ross was a steady and heavy loser at cards, and Winney took advantage of the situation to make each loss greater than it actually was. After seventy-one thousand dollars had been swindled and the chaotic state of his financial affairs was finally brought to Ross's attention, Winney committed suicide.

"When investigators examined his apartment," Thurber writes, "they found, among other things, a hundred and three suits of clothes which he had bought with the money stolen from Ross." Winney had also carried on correspondence with a real estate firm in Tahiti, with a view to settling there on his small fortune, but the war prevented him from realizing this ambition. Meanwhile, Winney seems to have spent a good deal of the money at the race track, and on gifts to men friends of sports cars, skiing equipment, and other sundries of this order. He had given an election night champagne party at the Astor in November 1940.

For myself, I find something apposite and meaningful in Harold Winney's mulcting his boss on such a grand scale and for such

seemingly trivial ends. He was clearly living out the fantasy life of ease and comfort—the life of sports cars, the race track, champagne parties, and expensive vacations—which the *New Yorker* works so hard to inspire in its readers. In his working hours he conformed to that hardworking demeanor, the whole laborious regimen, which Ross imposed on the magazine, and in his leisure hours he conformed to the life which the *New Yorker* advertisements and editorial departments have held up for a generation as an ideal:

the life of languid, expensive, effete pleasures. Reading Thurber's bare and rather superior account of Harold Winney, it occurred to me that this wretched man was probably the only person who ever truly lived his life entirely in terms of the values espoused in the pages of the *New Yorker*. It seems more than just that he did so at the expense of the man who was most responsible for what remains, after all, an image of life that is provincial, adolescent, and at several removes from reality.

INCIDENT IN GENESIS

LEONARD NATHAN

ALL the way there forebode him nothing
but fact:

"Here am I, Father, son! Here, biding land,"
Vague in the first light of morning milkers.

Nor could the fagotted ass better understand
The impending hack of bones or blackened
fat

That now walked upright and tender for
a difference.

The child was Abraham's own, but what
was that

Among beasts, four legged or two
with shaggy hands

To labor distinctions among the common
flock?

It was nothing. So they came to the
acceptable spot

And over innocence like a faith, he raised
A beastly arm to bring down temporal
heaven.

And the chosen voice was strange with
puzzling praise.

Behind, the ram struggled within this truth
Till Abraham stood upon an earth of
blessing,

And spread the beaten thicket of his mouth
With struggling tongue, his voice discovered
saying,

"Here am I, human, at my sacrifice."

LEONARD NATHAN's verse appears widely in the literary journals, and a volume, *Western Reaches*, came out in 1958 under the imprint of Talisman Press; that same year, he received the first award in the Phelan competition for narrative verse. Mr. Nathan was born in Los Angeles in 1924, and is an instructor in English at the Junior College in Modesto, California.

JEWISH EXISTENCE AND THE LIVING GOD

The Religious Duty of Survival

EMIL L. FACKENHEIM

THE modern Jew is an enigma to himself. When he reflects on his existence as a Jew, he cannot but be filled with wonder. Other individuals and peoples may wonder how they have come to be what they are; the Jew must wonder why he should exist at all. For if there are laws of historical change, the Jew should, according to these laws, have disappeared long ago. Was there ever another people which continued to exist, under like circumstances, through the centuries? The answer is that there was not. Other peoples require the bond of a common land, or a common language, or a common culture in order to continue in existence. The Jew, for long centuries, has had none of these. Consequently, self-appointed experts in the laws of historical change have been ever quick to predict his impending disappearance. But thus far at least these prophecies have always been confounded. The Jew still exists—a source of wonder both to others and himself.

How is one to account for the continued existence of the Jew? Certainly not in terms of persecution or discrimination. It is true that such forms of hostility may unite their victims, creating in them a group will to survive. They may cling defiantly to the

very trait which singles them out for penalty. But they may also do the very opposite, that is, try to get rid of the fatal trait. In the case of the Jew, unlike that of the Negro, this is not impossible. Furthermore, persecution, while frequent, has by no means been constant in Jewish history. There were long periods in which the Jew was invited to participate in the life that surrounded him; and he never showed any lack of eagerness to accept this invitation. The conclusion, then, is clear: it is impossible to account for Jewish survival in such negative terms as persecution or discrimination.

Nor do we fare much better with such positive terms as "love of tradition" or "loyalty feelings to the group." To be sure, tradition had a strong hold on the Western Jew until the beginning of the 19th century, and on his East European brother until the beginning of the 20th. But this tradition was, for the most part, not static, fossilized, inert; it was fluid. Also, it was frequently exposed to the threat of disintegration. Yet it did not disintegrate; rather, it preserved itself. Why should Jewish tradition have preserved itself rather than disintegrated? To ask this question is to ask the question of Jewish survival all over again. In short, "love of tradition" does not explain Jewish survival; it is an aspect of the very thing in question.

Precisely the same is true of loyalty feelings to the group. No doubt such feelings are, in some periods of history, a powerful force for cohesion and survival. But in the case of the Jew the question is why there should have been such feelings at all among a people which had, for long centuries, neither shared a common land, nor a common language, nor a common external destiny. In the case of Jewish survival, then,

EMIL L. FACKENHEIM, now associate professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto, was born in Halle, Germany, and served as rabbi of Congregation Anshe Sholom in Hamilton, Ontario, for several years. His last previous article in COMMENTARY, "Can There Be Judaism Without Revelation?" appeared in December 1951. This present essay makes part of a book, *A People and Its Faith: Essays on Jews and Reform Judaism in a Changing Canada*, to be published in the fall by the University of Toronto Press, and sponsored by the Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto.

"national feeling" or "group loyalty" are not explanations, but again part of the very thing to be explained.

But perhaps collective feelings can exist and survive independently of the experiences which nourish them? Perhaps there are entities such as a "racial will" which are passed on through the blood? We need not waste our time on such fictions. For they exist only in the minds of the demagogues and charlatans of our century.

It becomes abundantly clear, then, that to account for Jewish survival is possible only in terms of the Jewish faith. All the other supposed causes of Jewish survival, such as tradition or feelings of group loyalty, can themselves be explained only in terms of the Jewish faith. It is because of the Jewish faith that the Jew still exists—as we have said, a source of wonder both to others and himself.

This fact places the Jew of our time in a unique position. Like everyone else in the world of today, he is prey to religious doubt. Like everyone else, he is unsure whether, and if so to what extent, he can accept the faith which was handed down to him. But unlike everyone else, he must admit that it is because of that faith that he exists at all.

In current usage, the term "faith" all too often signifies a mere milk-and-water assent to abstract "tenets" and "principles" which are, as a rule, nice, innocuous, and uncontroversial. This is not the kind of faith which can move mountains, or which could be responsible for Jewish survival. The term "faith," when applied to the Jewish past, signifies total commitment. And the commitment was either to an all-consuming experience in the present, or else to memories of such experiences which had taken place in the past.

Whatever one may think of the Biblical account of Jewish origins—whether one takes it to be literally true or merely mythological—two facts are beyond doubt: first, even if the Biblical account is merely mythological there is an element in it which is true; second, countless generations of Jews accepted it as true. The first fact concerns

the faith of the Biblical, the second that of the post-Biblical Jew. The first fact serves to explain how the Jewish people was born; the second, why it survived. The Jew of today must contemplate both these facts: if not in order to learn what, as a Jew, he ought to be, at least in order to understand what, as a Jew, he is.

II

IT is possible to doubt that Abraham, or even Moses, ever existed. One may advance the hypothesis that Israel never stood at Mount Sinai, and that, consequently, the unique divine revelation by which Israel supposedly was constituted never took place. But it is not possible to doubt that the Biblical account of Jewish origins, however mythological, reflects something which did take place. What took place was a succession of overwhelming religious experiences. The presence of the Nameless was felt in experiences which were themselves nameless.

As such, these experiences were not specifically Jewish. To experience the presence of the Nameless is the core, not merely of Jewish, but of all religious life. What distinguishes forms of religious life is the way in which the Nameless, and the nameless experience, are interpreted.

There are, to be sure, some varieties of mysticism in which all interpretation is rejected. The Nameless, and the nameless experience, both remain nameless. They remain, consequently, utterly divorced from all that is familiar and named. And all existence becomes a striving for an end which, if achieved, transcends all understanding and all utterance.

This, however, is the exception rather than the rule in the religious life of man. The rule is that the Nameless, and the nameless experience, at once relate themselves to something familiar and nameable. In virtue of this relation, they are themselves given names. Thus a religion comes into being.

In the primeval Hebrew experience, there was such an immediate relating of the Nameless to something familiar. But the familiar in this case was not, as it was so often, a

part of nature or nature as a whole; nor did the nameless experience utter itself, in this case, in nature-symbols and thus give rise to a form of life which consists in ritualistic imitation of the rhythms of nature. In the primeval Hebrew experience, any attempt at a direct relating of the Nameless to nature was explicitly repudiated. The familiar and nameable which here received religious significance was not nature but human action.

But the nameless experience was not action. It had to interpret itself as a *call* to action. And this call could not be a call unless it was "heard." Nor could there be a "hearing" unless there was a "speaking." The Nameless interpreted itself as a "speaking," and the nameless experience as "hearing." What was heard was a commandment and a promise: the call to action, and the consequences which followed if the call was heeded. Thus in the primeval Hebrew experience, the presence of the Nameless manifested itself in the form of a divine-human covenant.

It must be noted, however, that this experience was not, or at least not primarily, an individual experience. It was a collective experience. It therefore manifested itself, not in a covenant between the Nameless and individuals, but between the Nameless and a people. Indeed, only in this experience did this people *become* a people. This is the secret of the birth of Israel.

It is sometimes said that the Jewish faith has been, since its inception, one of "ethical monotheism." This assertion is true in one sense, but not in another. If by "monotheism" is meant the belief in one universal God, the One God of the universe and mankind, it is more than doubtful that the early Hebrews were monotheists. And if "ethical" refers to codes of conduct universally human in application, it is more than doubtful that their beliefs were ethical. Its God was One, not in being the only God there was, but in demanding a commitment so total as to dwarf all else. And He was ethical in that He challenged to action, and in that this challenge was absolute. Compared to the absoluteness of this challenge its content

was, for the time being, secondary in importance; and distinctions such as that between "ethical" and "ritualistic" were not made until a later age.

THESE facts ought to occasion no surprise. Religions begin with committing experiences, not with universal ideas; and where there is no commitment, religions do not begin at all. But if the commitment is radical, it is only a question of time before it becomes universalized. In the Hebrew experience, the only important God became, in due course, the only existing God; and His all-important commandments, commandments addressed and applicable to all men. This development completed itself in the Hebrew prophets.

The prophets universalized the primeval Hebrew experience, but they did not dissipate it into un-committing generalities. The primeval experience persisted. The Nameless had become the God of all men: but He was still immediately challenging, here and now. His commandments had become, at least in part, universally valid, but they had not become abstract "principles." They were addressed by the Nameless, not to "mankind," but to each man. This is why the prophetic God, while universal, could remain in covenant with the people of Israel. He was the God, not of the abstraction "mankind," but of every nation.

There are those in the modern world to whom a religion is the "higher" and "more enlightened" the more it expresses itself in abstractions. The prophets would have been in vigorous disagreement. To them, the use of such terms as "mankind" and "deity" would have indicated, not enlightenment, but a flight from commitment and the divine challenge. The prophetic God, in becoming universal, had not ceased to challenge; nor did He challenge abstractions such as "mankind" which not even a God can challenge. Rather, He now challenged Ethiopians and Philistines as well as Israelites. But the business of a prophet in Israel could hardly be to fathom the challenge addressed to Ethiopians and Philistines.

It was in the experience of the Nameless, then, that the people of Israel was born. This was possible because of three factors: first, this experience interpreted itself as challenge to action; secondly, being a collective experience, it challenged the group; thirdly, it was an experience so profound as to persist even after its universal implications had become manifest.

III

BUT primeval experiences do not last forever. Presumably they take place, even in primeval times, only intermittently, although this fact is easily concealed from later observers by the clouds of myth. In Jewish history, as in the history of most religions, "revelation" came to be a term referring mainly to events lying in the past. The question therefore arises as to why the Jewish people was preserved, when the collective experience of the Nameless had become what, at first sight, was a dead past recorded in dead documents.

The answer is that neither the past nor the documents were dead. The past lived on, legislating to present and future; and the document which recorded it became the Bible, that is, the Book par excellence. Jewish thinking centered on its exegesis; Jewish living geared itself to its commandments and promises; Jewish experience interpreted itself as derived from the primeval experiences recorded in the Book. From the Biblical to the modern era, the Jews remained a people by virtue of the Book.

But is such a survival of the past, and of its record, proof that both are alive? It may well seem that, if the Book ruled the Jewish spirit for almost two thousand years, it was not because the former was alive, but because the latter was dead; and that Jewish life, during these long centuries, was composed of the monotonous practice of sterile commandments, and of a forlorn hope in a long-lost promise. How can a religious life be anything but barren which springs, not from the immediate experience of the Nameless, but from slavish submission to the authority of a codified book? But except for rare periods of

religious decline, the Jew's loyalty to the Book was not one of slavish obedience. Rather, the Book without kindled the soul within. In rethinking its thoughts, the Jew thought his own. In imagining its experiences, he relived them. In obeying its commandments, he made them into a way of life. The past did not kill the present; instead, reviving itself in the present, it gave life to the present.

The question arises how such an extraordinary relation to the past was possible. Why was the present, during these long centuries, so rarely at odds with the past? Why did it not claim its own autonomous rights against the past? How could religious experience forever regard itself as subordinate to the great religious experiences of the past? There are many partial answers to these crucial questions, but the decisive answer lies in one element of the Jewish faith—the Messianic element.

The Messianic faith is, of course, Biblical in origin. It was the prophets who first spoke of an End of Days in which God alone would rule and all would be fulfilled. Moreover, this faith was implicit in the primeval experience itself. For once the experience of the Nameless had interpreted itself as challenge and promise, it was only a question of time, and religious profundity, until a new religious dimension had to come into view: that of a future in which all that was to be done by either God or man would be fulfilled.

But so long as the primeval experience persisted in Jewish life, an explicit Messianic faith was, so to speak, not needed. Religious immediacy could have lived without it. It was when the past, and its record, took the place of the primeval experience that the Messianic faith moved into the very center of Jewish religious life. Had it not done so, no mere hankering after the past could have saved Jewish life from spiritual—and physical—extinction. The past could live on in the present only because both present and past were for the sake of the future. And the Jewish people could live on, when He who is nameless was not present, only because the

memory of His presence transfigured itself into the hope of His ultimate and all-consuming return.

Our account of Jewish life during these centuries is thus subject to emendation. Jewish thinking was a re-thinking of past thought, but it was *thinking* only because it was directed toward a future consummation. Jewish imagination was a re-living, but it was *living* only because it anticipated the End. Finally, and perhaps most significantly, Jewish obedience to past commandments constituted a way of life, which was possible only because it regarded itself as preparing, and waiting, for Messianic fulfillment. In short, Jewish existence experienced itself as being between Revelation and Redemption. Revelation had been the call for human, and the promise of divine, action: Redemption would be the consummation of all action.

Still, it may seem that the Messianic hope leaves the fact of Jewish survival unexplained. Did this hope not concern the future of a united mankind? Should it not have led those who held it, instead of to group survival, to voluntary self-dissolution—thus anticipating the End? The mystery deepens if one considers that the Jews were, at that time, dispersed among other nations—nations which, for the most part, shared their monotheistic beliefs. Could it be that the hope of the post-Biblical Jew was, after all, not the universal prophetic hope; could it be that, having lost all universalistic fervor, it had become nothing more than a national hope? This, however, is to confuse empty abstractions with religious realities. The truth is the reverse. Had their hope been nothing more than a national hope, the Jews of the Diaspora would have been forced many times to abandon it. It was precisely because it was more than national that they could retain it. Hence, although it may seem paradoxical, it is nevertheless true that it was precisely because of their Messianic sense of kinship with all the nations that the Jews did not lose their identity among the nations; whereas, had they lost that sense of kinship, they would have disappeared among the nations.

Not much reflection is needed to remove the paradox from these assertions. How could a small people live, for any length of time, amid mighty nations and rich cultures without abandoning a merely national hope as both immoral and absurd? Immoral because a moral God could hardly confine His attention to one small and insignificant people; absurd because all the evidence seemed to point, instead, to the fact that this people had been overlooked by history. Clearly, in the centuries of the dispersion, only the most narrow and unthinking could have insisted on Jewish survival on the basis of a solely national hope. But it was the most thoughtful and broadminded who did, in fact, insist on Jewish survival. And this was possible only because their insistence sprang from a hope for something more than national survival. Their hope concerned the relation between the Nameless and all men.

Why, then, did this hope on behalf of mankind not lead to voluntary self-dissolution in mankind? Simply because "mankind" did not exist. There were only actual nations, and some of these did not regard the world as in need of redemption, whereas others believed that it had already arrived. For the Jew to dissolve into either would have meant to him, not to hasten the End, but to betray his post.

We conclude that the Jew of the Diaspora survived because he was able to rise to prayers such as this, uttered by a Hasidic rabbi in an age of fear and hate: "O Lord, send speedily the Messiah, to redeem Thy people Israel! Or, if this be against Thy will, send him to redeem the nations!"

IV

THE question now arises as to whether the Jew of today can share the faith of his ancestors, or whether he must consider himself merely as its unwilling product. Can being a Jew today mean an acceptance of a religious commitment similar to, if not identical with, the commitment of his ancestors? Or is being a Jew, today, a mere accident of birth?

No doubt, individual Jews have asked this

question throughout the ages. It became universal, however, only when the Jew entered into the modern world. Then it became inescapable. This was because the modern world cast increasing doubt on the central part both of the Biblical and the post-Biblical Jewish faith—that is, on the living God. The Biblical Jew had experienced His presence, and the post-Biblical Jew had hoped for it; but man in the modern world had come to suspect that all supposed experiences of divine presence were just so many illusions.

This attitude sprang from the modern ideal of scientific and moral enlightenment. Did not a rational universe preclude the possibility of irrational divine incursions into it? And did not a rational way of life consist in reliance, not on revelations and promises of divine aid, but on the unaided power of human reason? Ever since the Age of Enlightenment, it has seemed to the modern-minded—and who is not modern-minded, at least to a degree?—that the denial of the living God was an essential aspect of man's scientific and moral self-emancipation. If man was to be fully free in his world, God had to be expelled from it.

We use the word "expelled" advisedly. The ideal of enlightenment did not compel one to deny that a God existed, but it did seem to compel one to deny that He could be present here and now. The living God had to become a mere "Deity," a "Cosmic Principle"—remote, indifferent, and mute. Time was when the prophet Elijah contrasted the idols which could not speak with the living God who could. Ever since the Age of Enlightenment, it has seemed to the modern-minded that God could speak as little as the idols.

The religion of the modern-minded came to reflect this conviction. Far from centering on the experience or expectation of a present God, it on the contrary presupposed His necessary absence. It became the mere subscription to "ideals," "principles," "tenets," and, in North America, "platforms." Would anyone think of God as a mere ideal who was prepared, so to speak, to meet Him in person?

On entering the modern world, the Jew had no reason to be suspicious of the ideal

of enlightenment which ruled it. On the contrary, he had every reason to embrace it with enthusiasm. Who was to be enthusiastic about it if not the Jew, who had just emerged from the confines of the medieval ghetto? Who was to approve of the ideal of universal emancipation if not the Jew, who stood in special need of emancipation? But despite this wholehearted approval which the Jew very naturally manifested, he soon discovered something of which he was not sure he could approve. The modern expulsion of God from the human world made Jewish existence problematic. The "Jewish problem" appeared on the scene. And it was a problem without solution.

FOR the pre-modern Jew this problem did not exist. He was faced with no serious difficulties of self-interpretation. He believed himself to have once met the living God, and to be committed to this meeting until the Messianic hope would be fulfilled. But what if God did not live, that is, relate Himself to persons and peoples? What if He was a mere cosmic entity dwelling in infinite and impartial remoteness? Or perhaps did not exist at all? What if all the supposed experiences of divine presence had been so many illusions? The moment the living God became questionable Jewish existence became questionable. The Jew had to embark on the weary business of self-definition. This business was weary because no definition would fit.

Was Jewishness a matter of "religion"? Was one a Jew because one subscribed to the "tenets" of ethical monotheism? But while Judaism consisted of ethical monotheism, it could not with impunity be regarded as consisting of mere tenets; and Jewishness could not consist of subscription to them. For there were those who subscribed to ethical monotheism without being Jews, and those who were Jews without subscribing to ethical monotheism. The inescapable fact was that one was born a Jew, and that one was not born subscribing to tenets and principles. The definition omitted the fact that the Jews were a people.

This omission was by no means an accident. A living God could address Himself to a people, but an abstract and lifeless "Deity" could not, for it could not address itself at all. In the case of such a Deity, the best one could do was somehow affirm it. But such affirmations could have no connection with the origin of those who made them. In short, if the living God had to give way to an abstract Deity, the "tenets" of Judaism and the Jewish people fell apart.

But perhaps an alternative definition could heal this defect. Was Judaism not the "culture" of the Jewish people, the product of its "religious genius"? Could Jewishness not be defined in terms of the people which had produced the culture?

But this definition too had a fatal flaw. Perhaps this flaw was not apparent, or did not even exist, for the detached observer. But the Jew was not a detached observer; he was a participant. As such, he had to ask himself a crucial question which the definition could not answer. The question was: why ought he to remain a Jew?

So long as the Jew believed in a living God the question answered itself. To remain a Jew was his duty under the divine-Jewish covenant. But what if God did not live? What if He could not enter into covenants? What if Judaism was not a divine-human encounter, but merely the product of "Jewish genius"? Jewish survival had then to be either an end in itself, or else a means to presumed future "contributions" of "Jewish genius" to the "world." But either view smacked of a chauvinism which no morally sensitive Jew was ever able to swallow. Hence the less forthright accepted the duty to Jewish survival as a mere pious fiction, while the more forthright frankly abandoned it. Jewish survival was merely a right, not a duty; whether or not one chose to remain a Jew was a matter of taste. But if this latter view found general acceptance, how long would the Jews of the Diaspora continue to exist? And how long would the Jews of the State of Israel continue to be Jews? On the other hand, how many Jews are really prepared to advocate, and work

toward, Jewish self-dissolution, and to dismiss three thousand years of Jewish existence as a tragi-comic mistake? If a single generalization may safely be made about the contemporary Jew, it is that he still regards Jewish survival as a duty, to be performed whether he likes it or not. He may not have the slightest idea why it should be a duty; he may even consciously reject this duty. Still, he feels it in his bones.

After two hundred years of fruitless probing, the conclusion ought to be obvious. The "Jewish problem," as a problem of self-definition, is insoluble. Jewish existence cannot be understood without reference to a living God. And the Jew of today who persists in regarding Jewish survival as a duty, either persists in something unintelligible, or else he postulates, however unconsciously, the possibility of a return to faith in a living God.

V

BUT the possibility of such a return must surely be dismissed by the modern-minded without a moment's thought! Can one believe, in this day and age, in a God who reveals Himself? Has this belief not been refuted, once and for all? And must not those who persist in it be dismissed as mere victims of wishful, or fearful, thinking? In the 20th century, faith in a living God may well appear to be a mere relic of bygone ages, and Jewish self-dedication to Jewish survival, a mere part of it.

But the modern world never did refute the belief in a living God. It merely rejected it. One cannot refute the irrefutable; although—if the irrefutable is also unprovable—one is always free to decide that it does not exist.

To be sure, modern thought refuted many traditional beliefs; and some of these were once associated with the belief in a living God. In an age of natural science and critical history, it is hardly possible to believe in miraculously split seas or documents dictated by God. But to reject revealed documents is not necessarily to reject revelation. And to be suspicious of miracles is not necessarily to reduce all religious experience to

projections of the unconscious mind. One does well indeed to suspect that much that passes for religious experience is inauthentic, and that it is, not a meeting with the Nameless, but the mere solitary disport of the mind with its own conceits. But to regard all religious experience as such—and hence to dismiss it as merely pseudo-religious—is a procedure dictated, not by scientific evidence, but by intellectual prejudice. Or rather, it is to make, under the guise of a scientific judgment, a religious choice. And the choice is against the living God.

Time was when those who made this choice were imbued with the spirit of Prometheus. Like that figure of ancient myth, they wanted total control of their world for the sake of spreading liberty and light. In the world of today, there are still some left who are imbued with the Promethean spirit, but their number is no longer large. Some of those who have decided against the living God are engaged in spreading, not liberty and light, but terror and utter darkness. Others have made that choice only to shiver in loneliness and despair. And others again—and these are the vast majority, at least in the Western world—have lost the assurance of their choice. They are no longer sure whether they have really made the Promethean choice; they are unsure even of what it is. Religiously, they are in a state of turmoil.

But perhaps this turmoil is contemporary man's most authentic religious expression. It would appear to be, at any rate, something unique in the entire religious history of man. The contemporary kind of religious turmoil may have existed, in previous ages, among individuals. But never before did it shake a whole age.

All ages prior to the modern were religious ages. They may have disagreed as to the interpretation to be given to the presence of the Nameless, but they agreed that the Nameless *could* be present. In sharp contrast, the modern age—at least in its most typically modern expressions—has been anti-religious in spirit. Either by denying its existence or by expelling it into the distance

of irrelevance, it denies that the Nameless can be present. What both the pre-modern and the modern ages have in common is that they make their respective religious choices without giving serious attention to the alternative; that is, they choose dogmatically. They make their choice without full awareness that it is a choice. Man today is bereft of such dogmatic certainties. Possibly for the first time in human history, he is brought face to face with the most radical of all religious questions. Like man at all times, he must face up to this question. But unlike men at other times, he is compelled to recognize that it is a question. Unlike the former, he cannot fail to recognize that the question can be answered only by a decision, and that the decision is a decision. And he suffers the turmoil of this recognition. The question is: is human existence closed or open to the Divine? Can the Nameless be present, or are all supposed experiences of such a presence mere illusions? Does God live, or is man inexorably alone?

IT is all too human to shrink from great choices. One is tempted to pretend that there is no choice to be made, and to drift in indecision. Or perhaps one will escape from the choice by making it glibly, only to discover later that one has not made it at all. Such flights from choice are readily understandable, because to face up to the choice is to endure turmoil—the turmoil of the conflicting possibilities. One cannot make a genuine choice without first enduring this turmoil, and one must endure it until the time is ripe—for choice, and for action.

If this is true of all great decisions, it is true, above all, of the great religious decision placed before contemporary man. Is choosing for or against the living God a mere matter of scientific hypotheses? Or is it a matter of choosing the path of least resistance? Or of discovering, with the help of reputable psychologists, the most comfortable road to peace of mind? Is it not a choice in which one either commits his whole being or else does not commit himself at all? If this is the case, it is no wonder,

then, that man in the present age seems bent on shrinking from this choice. Instead he pretends that there is no decision to be made; and he reinforces this pretense by all kinds of activity, inside and outside church and synagogue, which distract his attention from it. Or, assuming an air of glib resolution, he issues manifestoes which announce that the decision is made, and he reinforces these by repeating them at regular intervals. But the great religious choice placed before contemporary man cannot be evaded indefinitely; nor can its turmoil be circumvented by the proclamation of manifestoes, no matter how often this ritual takes place. The restless flight from the decision must yield to the quiet endurance of its turmoil. Only he who endures the tension of the conflicting possibilities can really know what the decision is about; only he can know when the time is ripe for it to be made. But what will the decision be? And when will the time be ripe for it to be made? This cannot be known in advance.

VI

THE Jew of today is a man of today; he is confronted with the religious question of today; the question is whether or not the Nameless can be present to us. But he is also confronted with the Jewish question of today: whether—and if so why—Jewish survival is a duty. The remarkable thing is that he cannot authentically face up to the religious question without at the same time facing up to the Jewish question.

The Jew of today cannot authentically face up to the religious choice simply as an individual. To do so is, in effect, to evade, if not his Jewishness, then at least the question posed by his Jewishness. And the question demands a religious answer. Hence to evade it is, for the Jew, to evade part of the religious question itself, and thus to fall

into inauthenticity. The Jew cannot face up to the religious question “simply as an individual.” Whether he likes it or not, he must face up to it as a Jew. To do so is to recognize that the duty to Jewish survival is, for the Jew, part of what is at stake in the religious choice. Man of today must endure the ancient question of whether or not the Nameless can be present. As part and parcel of that question for him, the Jew of today must endure the hardly less ancient question of whether or not Jewish survival is a duty. The religious turmoil is, for him, at the same time a Jewish turmoil. And Jewish religious life today consists in the endurance of this double turmoil.

When the time is ripe for decision, the Jew may well decide that the ancient duty to Jewish survival must be abandoned. Should this be the eventual choice, then the Jewish people, as it has existed for three thousand years, will cease to be. Jewishness will become a mere right, to be made use of only by those with a taste for it. Jews of the State of Israel will become Israelis, and Jews elsewhere will either become members of a denomination like other denominations, or else a minority doomed to eventual extinction.

But the Jew may also, in the end, decide to reaffirm the ancient duty of Jewish survival. This will be possible only if the Jew has remembered, and accepted as authentic, the ancient encounter of his people with the living God. He will then accept himself as part of a people constituted by an encounter with the Nameless, and still extant as a people only because it continues to be committed to that encounter. He will have accepted himself as a Jew because he will have accepted the time-honored Jewish obligation: to prepare and wait for the End in which all that is to be done by either man or God will be fulfilled.

TOURISTS IN MUSCOVY

How True Is the New Image of Russia?

ALEXANDER DALLIN

IN THE last five years, Moscow and Leningrad have become favored tourist spots for all sorts of Americans—the curious, well-heeled, or confused; students, businessmen, journalists, balletomanes; innocents and not-so-innocents abroad. They leave Russia with color slides and indigestion, memories of the Bolshoi and female street cleaners, descriptions of shashlik and skyscrapers, accounts of Lenin's tomb and Soviet plumbing. Some bring home peace plans, and some write books.

Russian travelogues are a time-honored literary form, at least four hundred years old. The latest visitors, jetborne and rolleiflexing, join a heterogeneous group that ranges from envoys of the Holy Roman Empire and the English crown—like Sigmund von Herberstein and Richard Chancellor in the days of Vasili III and Ivan the Terrible—to the condescending Marquis de Custine and the compassionate elder George Kennan in the 19th century. Rarely have foreigners assumed so vital a function as to speak freely for a people that had no audible voice abroad. And rarely has so much misinformation about a country been spread by misguided travelers.

The description of the cranberry bush as a giant tree (*la klyukva majestueuse*), shading the tea-sipping traveler in Russia, has become the proverbial symbol of distortion. The problem is not uniquely Russian. "The veracity of travelers' tales is traditionally suspect," Peter Fleming begins a recent

piece in the *Listener*. "The things he sees he can describe faithfully; but for their causes, their origins, their significance, and for everything beyond the reach of his eyes he depends largely on hearsay."

This does not make eyewitnesses less reliable than research from incomplete materials, interviews with admittedly unrepresentative refugees, or study at a distance without any sense of the immediacy of the locale. Nevertheless, on several occasions a careful analyst of the Soviet press and literature, sitting in New York or London, would have a fuller picture of events in the USSR than a visitor on the spot. I have rarely felt so out of touch with Soviet policy as when I stood—without the New York *Times*—on Red Square facing the Kremlin wall.

What does the present crop of travelers—whose published accounts* form the basis of this essay—tell us about the Soviet Union? Some try to produce a cyclopedic travelogue à la John Gunther. Irving R. Levine's volume follows this pattern: he is the man for the reader who is interested in the availability of house pets and prostitutes in Moscow, in the number to be dialed to report a fire, in Soviet television schedules and the frequency of Russian mail deliveries—or in some excellent jokes. But, with all his assiduous research and urbane reporting, he does not know Russian and misses some of

* *A Room in Moscow*, by Sally Belfrage; Reynal, 186 pp., \$3.50. *Eastern Exposure*, by Marvin L. Kalb; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 322 pp., \$4.50. *Main Street U.S.S.R.*, by Irving R. Levine; Doubleday, 480 pp., \$4.50. *The Communist World and Ours*, by Walter Lippmann; Little, Brown, 56 pp., \$2.00. *My Russian Journey*, by Santha Rama Rau; Harper, 300 pp., \$4.50. *The Privilege Was Mine*, by Zinaida Schakovskoy; Putnam, 318 pp., \$4.00. *Friends and Enemies*, by Adlai E. Stevenson; Harper, 102 pp., \$2.95.

ALEXANDER DALLIN, associate professor at the Russian Institute of Columbia University, is the author of *German Rule in Russia 1941-1945*, published in 1957. He has just returned from a month in the Soviet Union, which he visited also two years ago. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

the flavor which several of the other tourists were able to transmit.

The others all write in the first person. Except for Adlai Stevenson and Walter Lippmann, who report on their interviews with Khrushchev, they talk largely about People. Indeed, they have frightfully little to say about Politics. Sally Belfrage, a bright and observant young girl, confesses that "I was unqualified to judge Russia's political system, its economic organization, or its institutional complex"; Stevenson grants that his reports "suffer from all the frailties of first impressions, abbreviation, and my limited perception"; and Lippmann says, "I know nothing at firsthand about the internal conditions in the Soviet Union." Lippmann, indeed, has but a flimsy pretext for making a book out of four newspaper articles on his interview with Khrushchev.

On the whole, the biases of the authors are predictable. Miss Belfrage, reared in a Western "leftist" milieu, attributes "good" features to socialism and "bad" features to the Russian past. By contrast, Zinaida Schakovskoy, who claims "a thousand years of Russia in my blood," tries hard to rediscover the "true" old Russia underneath the Bolshevik veneer. Lippmann's view of the German question is the same after talking to Khrushchev as it was before he made his trip.

There are no "revelations" in these books. There are vignettes of Khrushchev, Anastas Mikoyan, and police boss Ivan Serov by those who saw them across a desk or dining table; interesting hints of Zhukov's impatience with Soviet passivity in the early stage of the Hungarian revolt of 1956 (Schakovskoy); some snatches of an interview with the ballerina Galina Ulanova (by Santha Rama Rau) and other prominent figures; helpful bits about the background of the novelist Vladimir Dudintsev (from Marvin Kalb). Yet these books will not be read for their "hardware" content or for their insights into Soviet politics. Nor will they be read as literary works: most of them range from hackneyed journalism to uninspired diaries.

THERE are cogent reasons why nothing dramatically novel can be garnered from these travelogues. Kalb, Levine, and Belfrage at least spent a number of months in the Soviet Union; the others paid even shorter visits. Most spent their time in Moscow and Leningrad, except for an occasional tour to Kiev or Tashkent. Unguided side trips were very much the exception rather than the rule. Rarely were any of the travelers invited into private homes—and then usually for a courtesy visit. Virtually no one in the group got to see a collective farm, talk to small-town folk, meet a group of industrial workers. Miss Schakovskoy is of Russian background, but while this helped linguistically, it may not have made for unbiased observation. Of the rest, only Kalb knew some Russian and had formally studied anything about the USSR.

Moreover, travelers in the USSR operate under a variety of restrictions. Some are self-imposed; for the sake of future tourists and perhaps for the good of individual Soviet acquaintances, they may not wish to tell all they know. Needless to say, some things which would make novel reading—a closed Communist party meeting, wage statistics, a labor camp, accident rates—are simply not accessible to a stranger in Moscow. Both the mechanics of government and the subtleties of attitudes are beyond the tourists' pale. Even the facile generalizations and the persuasive portraits in which these accounts abound are limited almost exclusively to urban intellectuals. Dissidents and fanatics stand out in any society; some seek out foreigners. The masses of average people remain outside the casual visitors' ken.

Americans would be the first to laugh at foreign tourists who, after analogous underexposure to officials and highbrows in New York and Washington, went home as latter-day de Tocquevilles, hypothesizing about the stability of the American system, the perplexities of the South, and the disproportionate influence of the farm lobby. It is, thus, just as well that the travelers to Russia speak only of what they have seen and heard.

With all the variation in the travelers'

background and experience, there are striking similarities in their reports—which, moreover, confirm the impressions of others, with more specialized training and preparation, who have visited the Soviet Union in recent years.

Certain elements of local color come across vividly: the excellent opera and the puppet theater; the GUM department store, the subways, the red tape, and the circus; the ice-cream vendors and the bookstalls; the drab streets and the noisy loudspeakers; the housing shortage and poor plumbing. The flavor and style of life in the two capitals emerge distinctly from these books; invariably Leningrad turns out to be more cheerful than Moscow, more “Western,” less bureaucratized.

THESE and many other details of local color help destroy the stubborn black-and-white images of Russia as either a paradise or a single giant prison. The USSR, to say the obvious, is a civilization in flux. It is full of contrasts—between goals and reality, theory and practice, backwardness and modernity. Almost everyone speaks of the jet planes—and the 1890-style lampshades. “Which is the real Russia,” asks Adlai Stevenson, “the old or the new? Both are, of course, but I think we will do well to think of it in terms of the jet airliner and not the donkeys, the hydrofoil boat and not the crumbling river villages, the engineers rather than the peasant fathers.”

The travel reports also force modifications in what for many Americans was a schematic, two-dimensional view of the police state. In the words of Levine, “It’s not uncommon for visitors to Russia to express surprise that ‘it’s better than we expected.’ Part of the reason is that they expected so little. During Stalin’s time the concept grew abroad of Russia as a land of people in chains. . . . To a visitor, the sights and sounds of people hurrying on their errands, a boy and a girl holding hands on a park bench, a mother comforting a crying baby, look and listen like home in an unfamiliar setting.”

Such details of life—which after all could have been observed even in Nazi Germany—

came as a shock largely because of the long isolation of the West from actual contact with Russia in the postwar years of Stalin’s iron curtain. During that period, many had accepted a “homogenized” view of totalitarian omnipresence and all-pervasive terror. Forces operating in the West, as well as Stalin’s own harsh policies, were responsible for the misleading stereotypes of the early 50’s. Traditional “Russia-haters” portrayed the Soviet people as *Untermenschen*, born to slavery and liking it. McCarthyites of various stripes presented an image of Soviet life as uniformly black as the Communist image was white, and equally crude. There was, carried over from the rosy 30’s, an unwitting acceptance of Soviet claims, such as the unity of ruler and ruled (the familiar *ein Volk—ein Reich—ein Fuehrer*). Finally, the brilliant George Orwell, especially in a vulgarized magazine “condensation,” had an unfortunate impact by promoting the assumption that the real USSR was already the fictional 1984.

In the tense period of Stalin’s last years, all these combined to produce a popular view of Russia as a country which consisted only of die-hard Communist officials, secret-police spies, and forced laborers. It was a view as false as the fellow-traveling image of the 30’s and 40’s which denied that any of these things existed.

The post-Stalin travel books focus on normal life, but they also include young people’s accounts of how, in “Russia’s darkest days,” parents, friends, relatives were taken away. “I was a small child. I did not know anything of this, and my father would never tell me. . . . But my mother told me many years later. Every day his friends were disappearing. Every day a friend, a man he knew, a comrade. . . . [One of his father’s friends returned in 1955, after 17 years in a camp.] He still believes in Communism, you see. Russia is different now. It is better now. We can talk about those things a little.”

The accounts (Kalb’s especially) also make clear the fantastic scope of Stalin’s persecution of the Jews. In a typical story, a student told Miss Rau: “I was a child. I only know

that [about 1950] my father lost his job at the factory. My mother wanted to cry, but she would not. Many people did not speak to us. I remember that. It was difficult to buy food. We did not like to go out of the house because people in our district knew that we were Jews. My father sat all day in the same chair.'

"Is it better now? Igor smiled sadly. 'Now, yes, it is better. . . . We live.'

The fear remains—a constant strain on normal human relations. As one man expresses it, when in need he craves "not a comrade but a *friend*." Though life has eased up—to the point where some young people say and do reckless things—doubt lingers whether terror is gone for good. By habit and visceral response, the Soviet citizen *assumes* that the eyes and ears of the authorities are everywhere. A worker, on beginning a visit, checks the back of a radio or the hole in the ceiling for microphones—"just to be safe." Another visitor turns up the radio to a deafening intensity. Some Soviet acquaintances will talk only while walking in the open. Sally Belfrage goes out with two Soviet boys, each of whom suspects the other of being an informer. Another student assumes that "naturally" at least one of the women using a collective apartment house kitchen works for the police. Sergei, a general's son, shows his American guest a piece of cardboard in the telephone and another in the air vent: "What do you think my father did that for? He was general, very good Soviet. But he was afraid, and so am I, and so is everyone else. It's our way of life!"

THOUGH some degree of wariness persists, these books substantially agree that (as one Russian told Santha Rama Rau) "the curse of Russia is boredom." In part, this is the conscious price of discipline, an echo of the official "no-nonsense" approach. Stevenson says Russia's slogan is "Men at Work." Levine reports an apocryphal Communist's objection to chewing gum: "To chew without swallowing is unproductive."

For the citizen, drabness is a matter of necessity—no money and little opportunity

for distraction—as well as protective coloration. The young are particularly sensitive to the lack of frivolity. A student admits relishing a second-rate musical for its gaiety. Is there no gaiety in the Komsomol? Only *its* kind—"you know—sing together while you help to dig the subway—volunteer work, of course. So you are gay" (Rau). Miss Belfrage describes the son of a Soviet officer whom she had come to know. He had all the money he wanted and nothing to buy with it. He was not much interested in a career. "He never read anything but used up a lot of time speculating over foreign things." "One of the worst tragedies of his life" was his absence from Moscow in mid-1957, when the Youth Festival brought thousands of foreigners to Russia. What he really desired—as he put it in his quaint English—was, "I want exciting."

Such apolitical and anti-political attitudes have found easier expression since 1956—the year of Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin and of the Polish and Hungarian crises. The "thaw," in fact, is writ large over most of these books, and its effects linger. "Disillusionment of youth is a serious result of de-Stalinization which may have profound consequences in the future," Levine asserts. "I got the impression," Stevenson reports, "that student interest in Communist ideology and in the required indoctrination courses is languid at best." "Marxism seemed to interest them [two young Communists] very little, and the world revolution even less" (Schakovskoy). A Party agitator—member of the select *aktiv*—"viewed the whole thing with the utmost cynicism" (Belfrage).

Some of these youths become completely preoccupied with their studies or work. Others engage in public baiting of instructors and lecturers, as at the time of the Hungarian revolt, or in a subdued demand for an unfettered art. "We are all—me and my friends—sick and tired of politics in art. We want art again," says a Soviet student quoted by Kalb. Still others simply want to live—if possible, live well: "Shura told me [Miss Rau relates] that scientists and artists (preferably performing artists) are

the most enviable dates for a girl. They are, for the most part, untouched by politics and can often get unusual privileges in living quarters, holidays, and permission to travel. Army officers come a poor third."

There is a widespread eagerness to see, touch, and hear the outside world—in the form of fashions, music, literature, or tourists. In much of this, there is a blind aping of the West—highlighted by the surreptitious use of X-ray plates for making jazz recordings (what Levine calls Frank Sinatra on a broken shinbone). The *stilyagi* (teddy-boys) are often pro-American for reasons many of us would find insubstantial—jazz, girls, clothes. Miss Rau describes an engineering student whose image of the good life is money, restaurants (black caviar and sturgeon), top grade vodka, and Italian clothes. In his lingo Gorki Street is *Brodvei* and shady transactions are *beezness*. He knows what he wants to do—"but to do all that, one would have to be a government minister's son, or at least be connected with a high party official."

Others, who are equally friendly to foreigners, disapprove of the Soviet teddy-boys. "We are not very proud of their sort. Their parents have worked hard and done well, so they can give their children advantages. But the children—they have forgotten the sacrifice of their parents for the sake of the Revolution. Pleasure is too important for them."

While some young people would escape from dogma to pleasure, others, to the contrary, would return to the "true" path and seek "pure" communism.

Kalb quotes the son of an engineer: "Here we have a society which is based on fine, humanitarian principles, but which functions on base, narrow principles. The entire administration stinks with bureaucracy. Fat bureaucrats with fat mugs and fatter rears . . . They are interested only in themselves . . . I still believe in the principles which I feel sure Lenin believed in. I want to see our people happy."

There are others, besides "fat bureaucrats," who anger young idealists by their concern with status and worldly goods. A prominent

Soviet writer has not only a comfortable home, nylons and high heels, but a *dacha* at which she serves homemade jams and French cognac, and relentlessly talks shop (Rau). Miss Schakovskoy attended a Kremlin reception where, after dinner, the cream of Soviet political society made inquiries about the families of potential sons-in-law or chatted about the virtues of reading and studying. "In the heart of the Soviet world," she recalls, "I found myself listening to the most bourgeois of conversations."

This note of bourgeois Victorianism occurs again and again. The wearing of slacks in public evokes the stricture of "*stilyaga*" (Rau); blue jeans elicit shouts of "prostitute" on a Moscow street (Belfrage); Levine finds prudery on Soviet television. Miss Rau's lines will ring familiar to all visitors at Soviet hotels: "I looked around at the solid respectability of mahogany furniture, of plush table-cloths and curtains, of the plethora of meaningless bits of handmade lace—antimacassars, lace covers for the pillows on the beds, lace doilies on the dress table, under the brass lamp stands, the marble inkpot, the mysterious marble-and-silver ornament on the desk; at all the cut glass, open trays, pin trays, ash trays, decanters, glasses, bottles, carafes, chandeliers. It was a thoroughly Victorian atmosphere. There was only one word that captured the look and feeling of these rooms—bourgeois."

Was it George F. Kennan who called the Soviets the Babbitts of the mid-century?

TO WHAT extent are the Soviet people wedded to the Communist system? "Some of the Russians I knew were as passionately opposed to their government as others were passionately in favor," Miss Belfrage recalls—and this corresponds to the others' experience. Many travelers in Russia have been bewildered when, after a passionate discussion with a determined dissident or disillusioned intellectual, they witnessed a parade or a holiday outing, with thousands apparently overcome with enthusiasm for the regime. Sometimes the same man's feelings fluctuate. Petya, the son of a regional official,

was in fact leading a double life—a loyal and devoted member of the Komsomol *aktiv*, and a disgruntled *stilyaga* with a yen for the distant.

Miss Schakovskoy went out of her way to find people who vigorously opposed the system—and found them. Others encountered men and women released from jail. One had been convicted for a mildly political poem. “I fooled them, you see,” he said, “because even prison is not bad for someone like me. They couldn’t take away what mattered—thoughts cannot be in prison, and I had many years to think” (Belfrage).

At the other extreme, all the visitors found some “aggressively” pro-Communist people. One interpreter fitted this description: a bureaucratic Lenin-quoter who defensively accepted the official creed, disapproved of women’s smoking and wearing lipstick, and (this is the novel twist) looked down on manual labor. Mr. Kalb vividly describes another *nudnik* who, throughout a night that they shared a sleeper compartment, bent his ears with the party-line version of American atrocities and degeneracy.

Probably more numerous than either of these extremes were the various intermediate hues. There are in these books a number of thumbnail sketches of young people whose parents perished in the purges of the 1930’s or in the siege of Leningrad, young people aware of the man-made shortages and the political restraints on art and thought—and still loyal. “The main thing to remember is that five years ago things were far worse” and they must get better. “What am I to do?” a critical Communist tells Miss Rau. “I am Russian and I love my country. I cannot hate it because there are faults. I must work within the party and outside to make my country better and to keep it better.”

Perhaps even more representative is the confused type—not so sophisticated, semi-indoctrinated *malgré soi*. Miss Belfrage got to know one such woman: “She resents all of ‘them,’ the top people, and is determined not to believe anything ‘they’ tell her, yet it is obvious that propaganda has effect if it

is repeated often enough. For instance, she believes that all the people in the capitalist countries are exploited. But she knows that their lives are better, from what she has seen. I have argued with her about this, but she cannot see any contradictions.”

Much American thinking in recent years has assumed that sooner or later the Soviet state will simply collapse of its own weight—because it was conceived in sin or because it “just can’t work.” The evidence here is unanimously to the contrary. Even Miss Schakovskoy—the most conservative of the writers—believes that “one can only hope for a gradual change.” A critical student tells Miss Rau: “We do not want a revolution, a change of government, more fighting—no. Just some better things in our life.” Levine concurs: “The pressures seem to be in the direction of bringing about changes within the system rather than in overthrowing the system.” Miss Belfrage testifies similarly: “I didn’t feel that most people . . . want to overthrow anything. But some definitely want to change things.” And Stevenson asserts that “the reasonable hope is not that [the Soviet Union] will disintegrate but that it may evolve.”

STABILITY, of course, does not mean static permanence. The Soviet system inevitably generates new tensions, new conflicts, new malcontents. The very improvements of recent years have fed the desire for more. They have also made some people realize the fragility of their blessings. “The main thing,” one Soviet intellectual told Miss Belfrage, “is that there are so few guarantees that what freedom we have will remain.”

Some are resigned to their impotence: “When I was younger, I liked to sit for hours and talk about freedom and art and politics. Now I’ve had enough talking. We talk about art but there is no art, we talk about freedom but there is no freedom. No one can do anything, there is never any action . . . Only talk.”

Most of the younger people do not seem to share this view. There is a sense of (perhaps exaggerated) power among them,

a conviction—garnered from official propaganda—that there are new worlds to conquer. Some ask for a “private sector” of the mind and heart. Freedom of communication and travel; freedom to rest and to enjoy oneself as one chooses; freedom to err with impunity—time and again these emerge as the inarticulate “program” of the day. On this score, there seems to be little difference between Communist party members and non-Communists. When Stevenson took leave of a group of Russians by saying, “Well, come to see us in America,” several people in the crowd wistfully asked, “How?”

All this is worth reading again; yet virtually none of it is new. It hardly justifies the rosier hopes of those addicts of exchange-manship who expect to “bridge the gap” and solve the ills of the universe by bigger and better tourism between the United States and the USSR. Indeed, as Henry L. Roberts wrote last year in the *Columbia University Forum*, “There is some danger that the multiplication of opportunities for travel and ‘communication’ may, if not balanced by real self-discipline—and occasional visits to libraries—have a negative rather than positive effect upon our scholarship.”

Nevertheless such experiences are, at the very least, an excellent education for their participants; there is no substitute for a first-hand sight-and-smell expedition. In most of the books, too, there is good advice to be culled by those who plan to go to Russia. And yet, there is not a book in the bunch that does not have some boners. Levine’s Moskvich automobile is not “little Moscow” but a Muscovite; Miss Rau’s Orthodox formula, *Gospodi po milo* (literally, Lord on soap) should read *Gospodi pomilui* (May the Lord have mercy on us). Miss Schakovskoy speaks of the GKP when she means the KGB—the present secret police. Kostya is not the diminutive of Alexander (as Kalb tells us) but of Constantin. The Orthodox church and the Soviet state did not reach an accommodation in the 30’s (as Stevenson says) but during the war. Miss Rau erroneously speaks of “the Winter Palace, now the Hermitage Museum.” Some stories

reappear in several books with enough variation to make one wonder whether they ever happened at all. On other points (say, the percentage pocketed by commission stores), the books offer contradictory facts. If these are petty points, they make one wonder what other errors may lie deeper.

ONE gross misconception is, I fear, inherent in the genre. The reader is apt to come away with the impression that the Soviet Union is a fascinating country, mildly and quaintly odd; and he may miss completely all appreciation of the USSR as a unique and formidable political system. Take any standard headings on Soviet government: the Party and the State; the upper and lower echelons of administration; the factory “triangle” of manager, party organization, and trade union; the bureaucrat and the specialist; the Party and the *bespartiinyi*; economic “construction” on a mass scale; agriculture as an Achilles’ heel of the system; the new professional or managerial elite. To none of these questions will the reader find helpful answers in these pages. Take the current concern over the quality of Soviet education, the permanence of the Soviet empire, and the social mobility outside the Party ladder. No useful insights on these matters can be gleaned from the travelers’ accounts. The Party dictatorship itself is barely discernible to the naked eye.

Except for Stevenson’s and Lippmann’s prescriptions for America, there is almost nothing in these books about Soviet intentions and motives; perhaps there cannot be. Only in the Stevenson and Lippmann interviews with Khrushchev does the challenge of Leninist ideology come across. Khrushchev’s own peculiar combination of commitment to Communist dogma with flexible realism requires study and invites reflection—above and beyond mere reporting of widespread cynicism in Soviet society. To see Russia evolving without the Leninist creed—which operates as a prop, a goal, an inspiration, and a rationale—may be to miss the forest for the trees.

While there is need to “humanize” our image of Soviet reality (and these books help

to do so), we must beware of substituting a hands-across-the-sea sentimentality for a hard-headed analysis of Soviet conduct and intent. The travelogues must be used as part of the growing record, in order to understand the USSR, but it would be silly to draw conclusions from travelogues alone. If nothing else, the whole issue of totalitarianism would remain obscured. One is tempted to recall George F. Kennan's comment in 1951, in his "America and the Russian Future": "We have not succeeded very well, as a nation, in understanding the position of the man who lives under the yoke of modern despotism. Totalitarianism is not a national phenomenon; it is a disease to which all humanity is in some degree vulnerable. . . . The relationship between citizen and political authority under totalitarianism is inevitably complicat-

ed: it is never pat and simple. Who does not understand these things cannot understand what is at stake in our relations with the people of such countries. These relations leave no room for our favored conviction that the people of a totalitarian state can be neatly divided into collaborators and martyrs and that there will be none left over."

Kennan's advice, too, remains pertinent, after eight years of "unforeseeable" changes in both Soviet reality and our own view of it. He urged us to—and perhaps we may yet—rise above "easy and childish reactions and consent to view the tragedy of Russia as partly our own tragedy, and the people of Russia as our comrades in the long hard battle for a happier system of man's coexistence with himself and with nature on this troubled planet."

A TASTE OF SWEETNESS

A Story

THOMAS F. CURLEY

“A HANDSOME evening,” Phil was saying. “Look at that steam come off the street. Beautiful.”

He paused, and I nodded, all the while admiring my cigar.

“I really ought to get married,” he concluded, as if the evening’s beauty had begotten the inference.

Again, I nodded; I understood him perfectly. We were standing on the south side of Fourteenth Street under Ohrbach’s shelter, having paused there fifteen minutes before to wait out a summer shower.

I had worked all day delivering circulars and earlier that evening had called on Phil, who was idle at the time, being in mourning for his father, and invited him to eat dinner with me. After beef stew, cheese cake, and coffee at the Automat, we strolled west on Fourteenth ready to enjoy ourselves.

“Are you going to buy that jug?” Phil asked.

“Nope. Only got two bucks left and there’s no work tomorrow.”

He drew on his cigar and rocked back on his heels. We both knew that it was a question of when, not whether, I would buy the jug. To have roused him from his bed of mourning merely to eat dinner and smoke a cigar would have been a violation of our friendship.

“Shall we mosey across the street?” I asked.

He did not answer because he wanted to be about the evening’s business without further waste of time. We stood there several more minutes listening to the purr of auto

tires on the wet pavement and flicking the ashes from our cigars. To my right, on the corner of Broadway, Ammon Hennacy was selling the *Catholic Worker*.

“Hennacy keeps busy,” I said.

“He’s a convert,” Phil said, out of the side of his mouth.

“Glory be to God!”

“It is a lovely evening, though,” he said earnestly.

Whereupon, without further conversation, we stepped off the curb and crossed the street to Union Square park. The Square is a convenient and sometimes an amusing place to loaf in warm weather. At that time, the early 1950’s, there were a couple of highly accomplished comedians who frequented the park and who improved the temper of everyone who heard them. It was a Wednesday evening, however—a slow night in the Square—and the recent shower had no doubt kept the comedians at home or in the Automat.

Whitey and his dog were there but Whitey required a larger crowd before resuming his series of lectures on the progress of the Polish economy under Socialism. I said hello to John Brown but got only a curt nod in reply. I had proved him wrong on a point having to do with industrial production just prior to the outbreak of the Korean war and he had not yet recovered from his chagrin. We did sit awhile with George Middle, and Phil borrowed his copy of the *Daily Worker* to read the sports’ page.

“Are you going to buy that jug?” he asked me, handing the *Worker* back to George.

“What’s going on over there?” I asked back, pointing to a small crowd gathered at the far side of the Washington monument.

“Religion,” George Middle said.

“God help us,” said Phil.

But I got up and strolled over. My curi-

THOMAS F. CURLEY was born in Boston and now lives in New York. He teaches English at St. Francis Xavier High School and is working on a novel. Mr. Curley has written reviews and articles for *Commonweal*; this is his first published story.

osity was aroused because I had not seen any of our regular preachers enter the park.

"That ain't right," a woman was saying. "God saith, Thou shalt not steal, and takin' a man's property, that there is stealin'."

"Don't bring God into this, mother."

"I ain't bringin' Him in. He's in. I'm just recognizin' Him."

Now of all the shows in the park, Phil liked the religious ones least. Or so he said. I think they bothered him because he is basically a pious man; then, too, his father had died recently and Phil has since told me that very often, in the year following his father's death, he would chance to gaze down at his shoes and actually shiver with an intimation of his own mortality. He was the last of the Fay boys among the living and he was close to forty and still without wife or child. For over twenty years Phil had been the black sheep of the family; now he was the only sheep. He was a bum, not a nihilist, and he did not relish being reminded of his delinquency. Nevertheless, Phil came with me. I had the money and he needed the wine badly enough to make sure I was not distracted overlong.

On the west side of the monument a small group was listening with amusement, which was not without its portion of contempt, to a small Negro woman. Her hair was pure white and she wore no hat. Her dress was also white, not fashionable at all, and she wore low-heeled brown shoes. Her stance on the top step below the monument was unlike most of our orators for she was bent over slightly from the waist as if she was talking, not to an audience, but to one person in particular, that is, to the last one who had questioned her.

"Well, mother," someone said, "if you're recognizin' Him, I just wish you'd introduce us. We ain't seen Him yet."

"You can't see Him," she replied, "not unless He wants you to."

Her reply was odd because she seemed to take the young man's jibe as a serious comment worthy of a serious response. Everyone else knew that he was joshing her.

"Can you see Him?" another man asked.

"Not now," she said. "But He is seeable; I know that."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us, mother, please, how you know you can see Him when you can't see Him."

The man's mockery was plain to hear and the crowd laughed, all the more at ease because the mocker was also Negro and nobody could be accused of race prejudice for joining in. She seemed to be puzzled by the question; then softly, but quite distinctly, she said: "The reason I know I can see Him is that I have. That's how."

"You seen Him?"

"Yes."

"In the flesh?"

"Yes."

There was a bit of slack in the mockery now. It was, of course, some crazy thing but nevertheless nobody wanted to be the first to call her bluff.

"TELL us about it," Phil said from behind me. The woman looked over at us. We were to her left, about ten feet away. Although her hair was pure white, there were no wrinkles whatever on her face and she had the appearance of a person who was irretrievably sure of herself.

"I'll tell you if you will listen. It is a long story that happened a long time ago when I was just a girl."

"Go on," the young Negro said. "It better be good because we're going to listen to all of it."

"All right," she said, folding her arms. She raised her head slightly now, so that she looked out over the crowd.

"Like I say, I was just a girl when I married. Didn't know nothin'. My mother picked out this man for me. I didn't want him. I wanted to be a nurse but I was only fifteen and my mother wouldn't sign the papers for me to enter the nursing school. So I married the man of my mother's choice.

"Now I knew nothing in those days and I was soon disgusted with my husband. I was so sick in heart that my body got sick. I took diphtheria. My throat closed up and

after a while I could take no food or drink.

"We lived on a farm. In those days (I'm goin' on seventy-six and I was just a girl of fifteen at that time) well, those days the doctor that took care of the horses and the cows and other animals, took care of the people, too. Well, the doctor came and looked at me. She's gone, he said. Well, my husband was disgusted with me. Here, he'd married a young girl who was no use to him. I couldn't work around the place and I wasn't no good to him as a wife. He left me, too: there I was alone in that room, sitting up in a chair by the door. I wasn't scared of dyin'. I was so miserable I wanted to die. Wasn't even afraid of hell 'cause I figured hell couldn't be no worse than the hell I was in already. My parents had told me that Death rode on a pale horse so I just sat there by the door waiting to see if they was right.

"Then I heard a voice in my head telling me to go to bed. I said no. I knew I couldn't sleep so why lie down. But I was very much in pain and the voice kept asking me 'Please go lie down. For me.'

"So I said all right. I'll lie down but I won't sleep. So I threw the pillows I had at my back on the bed and I sat there amongst them. Then I sort of got dizzy. It seemed the pain was going away the way somethin' goes down in a whirlpool. But it was a pleasant feeling and I said, my, if this is what death is why do folks mind it so? And then I went to sleep 'cause I remember settin' back on those pillows and closing my eyes. And I had a dream.

"I was all alone with a railroad ticket. A big, long ticket. And there was a shiny, silver train on the track. And when I showed my ticket to the conductor he put me up on the train and I went in and sat down. That car was crowded with people. Well, the train started and I could see out ahead of the train somehow. We were going east, toward the rising sun, and the way the sun shone on the tracks they looked like gold. We passed through country, the most beautiful country I had ever seen. I didn't know where I was going but I was sure glad to go.

"Then we stopped and I got off like

everyone else. I didn't have no bags with me so I walked along into the city till I saw this parade of people dressed up like they was going to a wedding; so me, being a young girl, I followed them to see the bride. The buggies they were in were dressed in white ribbons; the horses, too. And soon I saw the church they were going to and I said I'll just lean against the church there in the shade and watch them go in. I wouldn't go in myself 'cause these were all white folk and I knew better than to go in. Nobody said nothing to me and I watched them. But I was tired and after they had all gone into church I thought maybe I could go inside and just sit down in the back and watch and rest my feet. So I went in and sat down and the people in the church they turned around and smiled and made bows to me and I said to myself that it was all right for me to be there. Then I saw an empty seat in the middle of the church and I said to myself that since these people are all so friendly they won't mind my sitting up there so as to see more what's going on. And I did. And they smiled.

"And then an usher came and put his hand under my elbow and led me up front. There I saw God the Father. He had long white hair and a broad forehead and a clean white beard and beside Him was a table with a gold cup and a gold pen and a book that was open. God the Son was in front of Him a little, on one knee, with His disciples about Him. The usher led me past God the Son right straight to the Father. He looked at me and wrote in His book. Then he took up the cup and gave it to me. Drink ye all of this, He said, the waters of everlasting life. And I drank it. And in my sleep my throat cleared and I woke well. I could eat and drink.

"And that's how I know I saw God face to face. Because I saw Him and because He made me healthy again. Nor have I ever had a cold since. And I've preached young and old without a hat in snow and rain."

When she ended, she was looking at us. For about a second there was no sound at all within our group. Then a couple of guys

cleared their throats. Phil was right beside me, staring up at the old lady. And she was gazing down at him. I touched his arm.

"You want that bottle?" I asked.

He didn't budge. Then someone said something about hysteria and delusions and the spell broke.

As we walked out of the park I asked Phil if he thought the old lady had read that somewhere.

"I don't know," he said.

We walked almost another block when he added, "And I don't care. She got herself married, that's what counts."

TWO POEMS

NEIL WEISS

Song For My Dead Grandmother

I WONDER whether
I might tether
my hope to the hair of her head.

Or rejecting that
after service is said
walk away shrugging,
my shoulder lugging
a wisp of her bread.

Strange to bury in a hurry.
I saw in a dream her heavy old skirt
go screaming against the wind,
hurtling neat parabola,
trajectory rejected, box pined.

Easy, lower her gently,
lest it fire the dead crater—
we can't have that now or later,
we can't take a chance
of interrupting the dance
round her grave as long as we live!

Mother at Poker

WITH the dishes mouldering in neon,
she sits, a marvel to the local wits,
arms swollen as a haunchbone,
breasts huge in turkey muslin,
knees once for kisses
now glossed decencies
tighter than our art and more careless—
sits within the knotted rope of species
from which I come
wetter than the tides of learning
to owe my life to her
and want to pay it constantly
in one perplex of tidal motion—
sits and gets the one, two, three, four, five
of hearts, complete with floral dress
and ancient sonnets in her hair
soon to be rooted. I touch her hand
before it wrinkles in the air.

NEIL WEISS's book of poems, *Changes of Garments*, was published by Indiana University Press (1956). He has contributed previously to COMMENTARY, as well as to other periodicals.

UTOPIANISM AND POLITICS

A Conservative View

J. L. TALMON

SINCE the time of the French Revolution, a substantial proportion of the most politically conscious and active people have tended to equate Politics with Utopianism. Yet the two are, in essence, quite different. Politics I would define, in Aristotelian terms, as the art of husbandry, the technique of administering a state conceived of as being an enlarged household. It has often been said that politics involves a choice between evils or, more charitably, an acceptance of the second-best. This is because politics is concerned with very intractable material—and by that, I mean men. And it is not only men who have to be administered. It is also men who are engaged in permanent debate as to how and by whom the task should be carried out. In this sense politics is of course a struggle for power, and thus charged with an ambivalence which can hardly ever be resolved by any attempt to apportion the share of disinterested conviction and the part of the urge for power that respectively go to make a statesman and to shape a policy decision. The two are so intertwined that the cynic who can see only naked ambition and the

naive doctrinaire who acknowledges only principles incarnate will prove equally wrong.

Utopianism, on the other hand, signifies that one assumes as possible (or even expects as inevitable) an ultimate condition of absolute harmony in which individual self-expression and social cohesion, though seemingly incompatible, will be combined. In other words, politics is concerned with the careful manipulation of concrete data of experience, by reference to the logic and to the limitations inherent in any given historical situation; whereas utopianism postulates a definite goal or preordained finale to history, for the attainment of which you need to recast and remold all aspects of life and society in accordance with some very explicit principle. It could be said that while starting out with the wish to secure to man the means of full self-expression, utopianism ends with a determination to impose a wholly impersonal pattern. It tends, in other words, to replace history by sociology. The tragedy is that any principle must be embodied in men. The higher the validity claimed for the objective pattern, the wider the powers and the fewer the men to whom these powers may be granted.

Before the late 18th century, the utopian approach was confined to literary exercises—social satires and allegories—or to the life of relatively small societies or sects of extreme *exaltés*. Then it won dominance, or at least wide currency, on the continent of Europe and became there, in a variety of ways, the common denominator of socialist, communist, and kindred schools of political thought. Why did this change take place when it did?

In the first place, because in the age of absolutism or of government by hereditary

J. L. TALMON, professor of modern history at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, is the author of *The Rise of Totalitarian Democracy* (1952); a chapter from a forthcoming second volume in his study of totalitarianism, *The High Tide of Political Messianism*, was printed in our August 1958 number, under the title of "Social Prophetism in 19th-Century France." Earlier (July 1957), Professor Talmon had contributed the essay "Uniqueness and Universality of Jewish History," which dealt with the Jewish ingredient in Western civilization and the future of the Jews in world history. The present essay was first delivered as an address before the Conservative party's National Summer School at Oxford in July of 1957.

privileged groups, those at the helm were concerned primarily with keeping order and upholding the prestige of the country in the world; rather with preventing discontent than with making the peoples free and happy. The peoples then—it will be said—decided to shake off tutelage and be masters of their own fate and makers of their own salvation. It seems to me however that these changes and the factors that brought them about are not in themselves enough to account for the emergence of utopianism in political life.

THE decisive factor was, I think, the decline of the religious sanction, and in particular the decline of belief in the doctrine of original sin. I am not concerned with the theological validity of this doctrine, but I do believe it to contain an extremely important psychological truth. It stands for the terrific mystery summed up in the words: *Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor*, "I know and respect what is right, but I do what is wrong." It teaches us that evil actions are due, not necessarily to lack of knowledge, but rather to some failure of will, some defect in the mechanism of man, some "weakness of our mortal nature." Now once this doctrine is taken for granted, one accepts without question a clear distinction between theory and practice, between what should be and what can be, between private morality based on natural law and political morality which is vitiated by the persistence of evil in human nature, between (if you like) church and state, heaven and earth. The conclusion then is clear: that man and society will never be able to save themselves solely by their own exertions, but that grace, coming from above or outside, is needed for salvation. Furthermore, men's unruly and weak nature requires government from above, by a God-appointed church, Divine Right of Kings, an aristocracy, or—in more abstract terms—ancient traditions, deep-seated beliefs, fixed habits.

With the ushering in of the Age of Reason there emerged and grew in intensity a belief that man was by nature good, or at

least perfectible. The natural urges of man were good, and if given a free rein, would set themselves into a pattern of harmony. A rational order was calculated to insure a harmonious reconciliation of all interests. The cohesive structure of the universe was, in brief, a guarantee that if all impediments to self-expression were removed, a state of absolute justice based on the supremacy of reason could and would be achieved.

The doctrine of original sin was denounced as a conspiracy by forces of exploitation and oppression. It was held to be an important argument in favor of the claim that the people are in need of superiors to keep them down. Repressive policies, it was said, diverted the energy of the natural impulses into channels of anti-social perversion, which strengthened still more the pretensions of the ruling orders.

With the decline of religious faith the problem which the prophet defined in the Bible, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?" received a new interpretation. Before, the question could be considered on the transcendental plane: one had the assurance that the account would be settled in the hereafter, in another place. Once religious belief was undermined, however, the evils and injustices of this life could no longer be regarded as merely temporary or temporal; therefore, they ceased to be tolerable, and men began to put their faith in the achievement of perfect justice and the settling of accounts in this world, not the next.

It is true that the right of resistance to temporal rulers is very ancient, and that tyrannicide has often had the vehement approval of theologians. But from the late 18th century onward, all this took on a completely new character. Men now rose in arms, not to burn, kill, and ravage in a kind of elemental *chagrin*, but to effect in society some revolutionary transformation; not to correct a specific social evil, but to abolish evil itself. Every riot or rebellion seemed to be accompanied by a bell tolling for the Day of Judgment; and when the Industrial Revolution began to overwhelm an unprepared society

with unprecedented problems, it was seen not as a period of transient crisis but as an apocalyptic hour.

Men had been taught that they had a right to expect happiness forthwith, and a series of great technological discoveries seemed to have created instruments to ease man's toil and to satisfy his needs, while industrial organization and division of labor appeared to foreshadow a high degree of social cohesion. Instead of fulfilling these hopes, the Industrial Revolution seemed at first to produce nothing but evil: bondage to the machine, wretched misery, and recurrent crisis. It was as if the intentions of nature to bring salvation had been wilfully perverted by the intervention of some evil design. And the conclusion suggested itself that a forceful intercession was required to frustrate the evil forces and to lend a hand to destiny to take its predetermined course.

The tragic paradox of utopianism has been that instead of bringing about, as it promised, a system of final and permanent stability, it gave rise to utter restlessness, and in place of a reconciliation between human freedom and social cohesion, it brought totalitarian coercion.

There is a 19th-century story of an Englishman inquiring at a public library for the text of one of the French constitutions and being told, "We do not keep periodicals here." The fact that within twenty-five years France experienced a succession and variety of regimes, coups, and revolutions, destroyed the sense that there were certain things that could be taken for granted, accepted as permanent facts of life. Hence the luxuriant crop of utopian blueprints, social and constitutional, presented as though the whole slate had been wiped clean, as though you could start from scratch. Hence also the terrible instability of political life and the violence of political warfare. For utopianism is based upon the assumption that reason alone—not habit, or tradition, or prejudice—can be the sole criterion in human affairs. But the end of this assumption is that reason, like mathematics, must command universal consent, since it has sole and exclusive truth. In fact,

reason turns out to be the most fallible and precarious of guides; because there is nothing to prevent a variety of "reasons" from cropping up, each claiming sole and exclusive validity, and between which there can be no compromise, no arbiter except force. To put it in another way: utopianism postulates free self-expression by the individual and at the same time absolute social cohesion. This combination is possible only if all individuals agree. All individuals, however, do not agree. Therefore, if you expect unanimity, there is ultimately no escape from dictatorship. The individual must either be forced to agree, or his agreement must be engineered by some kind of fake plebiscite, or he must be treated as an outlaw, or traitor, or counter-revolutionary subversive, or whatever you will.

THE great Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt, a grim prophet of doom and not a very charitable person, pointed out how the notion that men were perfectible apart from the grace of God, and that utopia here on earth was possible and almost inevitable, was bound to produce arrogantly presumptuous attitudes. Before this, men had felt that life was, to some extent, a sacrifice; certainly it demanded a spirit of service and duty. From now on, they began to think first and foremost, and sometimes exclusively, not of their duties but of their rights, not of what was due *from* them, but of what was due *to* them. They demanded a larger share, a "fair" share, an equal share; and since the quantity of things which can be distributed is limited, those whose expectations were disappointed were consumed by bitterness and envy and frustration. Hence, the decline of belief in the religious doctrine of original sin and the rise of belief in the secular doctrine of the rights of man, far from having produced happiness, in fact engendered misery, since it encouraged appetites that could never be satisfied.

At the same time, instead of serving as a challenge to nobler actions and greater humanity, the doctrine of the rights of man became a pretext for the pursuit of greater

enjoyment, and nothing but enjoyment, Burckhardt thought. Governments that were not fulfilling material expectations were abolished one after another by restless peoples. This provided the opportunity for demagogues and dictators to appear on the stage, promising a new heaven and a new earth. Seeking to satisfy the material cravings which put them in power, they had to place an obsessive emphasis on higher production; and since, to achieve this, an appeal to idealism is rarely if ever enough, they had to induce people to work harder by offering them even more unequal rewards or by threatening them with very heavy punishments—in the Soviet context, stakhanovism or Siberia. Lacking such legitimacy as comes from lineage, or even from the ballot-box, they had to keep those whom they ruled together by thrills and stunts; and the most effective stunt of all, of course, is to create a war emergency, a pervasive sense of national peril.

As against the indubitable gains we have to set off the vast losses. If indeed we have achieved an unprecedentedly wide distribution of good things, mass production of shoddy standardized goods has killed the craftsman's pride in creative achievement. The huge crowds at universities do not signify a growing thirst for learning, but a scramble for jobs and positions by a restless and dissatisfied academic *Lumpenproletariat*. Illiteracy has practically been abolished, but never have millions been treated to coarser vulgarity in print than now. A person may now travel more safely on the highway and be more certain of not being molested in the street after midnight. But of how little account is this higher degree of personal safety in comparison with the nightmare of total war, keeping in deadly grip the whole of mankind? We have learned to deal with epidemics and solved many problems thought previously insoluble, but the complexity of modern civilization has created problems which are too vast for the human intellect to comprehend and before which the ordinary man stands utterly baffled and wholly impotent. So much for Burckhardt's

chilling criticisms of the modern *Weltanschauung*, based on the denial of original sin and the unshakable faith in progress, and represented by the advent of "the masses."

RETURNING to the more strictly political sphere, we come now to the essential difference between the utopian approach and the English conservative approach. (I think of the English conservative tradition as having two branches, a Tory branch and a Labor branch, the one a little more so, the other a little less so!) Now the English constitution, as Edmund Burke described it, is a "prescriptive" constitution, one "whose sole authority is that it has existed time out of mind." It is really based upon habits, upon a tradition of behavior, upon ways of feeling, upon implicit, inarticulate assumptions. These are more deeply rooted than abstract principles of reason; they are more stable and therefore more predictable; and they are safer and far less likely to lead to violence because they leave room for compromise.

It has been said with a good deal of justice that in the first half of the 19th century a revolutionary situation existed in England. How was it that England not merely weathered but practically escaped the storm, and gradually readjusted her society to the new situation, whereas France was convulsed by revolution after revolution? In part, no doubt, it was because the safety valves—in pulpit, press, petition, and public meeting—were left open in England, and because the rule of law, in spite of many declamatory radical protests, really did give men a conviction that things were not arbitrary, that they knew where they stood. These conditions were unlikely to give rise to that type of messianic revolutionary experience in which the past is viewed as completely dominated by the forces of evil, and the future—which will come after a violent break—as guaranteeing a world of harmonious perfection. Neither were such conditions likely to engender the sort of mood that makes the revolutionary trustees of posterity feel that they owe no obedience to the law of the land—

which they look upon as an instrument of class exploitation and absolutist rule—but only to some unwritten law of the revolutionary utopian future.

The truth is that the thing was psychologically impossible in England. Indeed, it is amusing to read how, during the Chartist troubles in this country, some Chartists would sigh, "Oh! we are a slovenly, slow-witted people. If we could hire some fifty professional revolutionaries from France, the thing would work!" One may remember, too, how after the Chartist failure a decision was arrived at to try physical force; but then they decided to address a request to the various branches asking them to debate the point whether to use violence or not to use violence. Legality has entered into the English subconsciousness, into the English blood. It is quite hopeless to rely on the English to make a real revolution.

As I have tried to convey, a revolution does not in modern times signify merely an uprising of protest; it means a sustained and violent effort to make all things new. I believe one is entitled to draw the conclusion from the history of the last one hundred and fifty years or so that, although utopianism preaches peace and harmony, the sort of social revolution its pursuit involves has not proved feasible without war. Complete social transformation is impossible without totalitarianism, and this is itself impossible to sustain in an atmosphere of everyday existence. Only in an atmosphere charged with peril, with emergency actual or latent, can all opponents be branded as traitors and the state's power over persons and property be total. The French Revolution established its hold in conditions of war; the Russian Revolution was a by-product of war; the Chinese Revolution was the result of war. The 1848 revolutions, on the other hand, failed because there was no war.

This leads me to consider the problems facing us in the world today in the struggle between the Soviet Union, representing revolutionary utopianism, and the West. The essence of modern utopianism is that, to be

effective, it requires universality. It claims to offer a doctrine applicable to all nations and all races. It proceeds on the assumption that it cannot permanently thrive in any one country so long as it does not thrive in all. It is in a continuous state of siege against its enemies, real or imagined, from within or from outside. It assumes, as you may read in the homely sayings of Mr. Khrushchev, that what it regards as the *Civitas Dei* must inevitably replace what it regards as the *Civitas Diaboli*, and it is quite ready to give a helping hand to the predetermined processes of history.

Now, it makes all the difference in the world whether utopians in different countries constitute, as in the 19th century, a closely connected international confraternity, or whether they constitute, as in the last thirty or forty years, a single army with its GHQ in the capital of a great power. This is so for two reasons. First, because if the GHQ is in the capital of a great power, then the national interests of that power and the ideological needs of the revolution become inseparable, and one never knows which is which. Secondly, if all the utopians act upon the assumption that they are an army, then "theirs not to reason why" or to question the global strategy of the General Staff: they must blindly accept and fulfill orders from GHQ, however disconcerting, however incomprehensible, however wrong.

Indeed, it has hitherto been assumed by Communists that the Soviet system was proceeding on the lines of a deterministic science. It was held to be foolproof. Again and again when you pointed out to them errors or inconsistencies, they would smile at you with a maddening superiority; they were profoundly and complacently convinced that there was a science that they alone had grasped—the science of Marxism.

Two new factors have now been thrown into the situation. The first is the self-questioning that has followed "de-Stalinization"; for, if it is admitted that the regime could have been so violated, so distorted, by the arbitrary action and capricious behavior of a single tyrant, what becomes of its "scien-

tific" character? The second factor is the emergence of "national Communism," of the doctrine of "many roads to Socialism," in China, in Yugoslavia, and more recently in Poland; for once this doctrine is admitted, what is left of the universalism of the ideology, the monolithic character of the movement, the unquestioned and unquestionable infallibility of the GHQ? All this may add up to a decisive breach in the fortress. It has not happened yet, because a fierce rearguard action is being fought; but may we not be witnessing a decline of revolutionary utopianism, similar to the lowering of atmosphere that came at the end of the wars of religion, when, utterly exhausted, both sides realized that continued war meant universal doom? Then "enthusiasm" became a word of opprobrium, and men turned their attention to science and the art of living.

Let me conclude on a different note. I believe that, potent though the craving for innovation may be at any given moment, ultimately the conservative instinct is the stronger. I believe, too, that a curse is besetting utopianism. While it has its birth in the

noblest impulses of man, it is doomed to be perverted into an instrument of tyranny and hypocrisy. For those two deep-seated urges of man, the love of freedom and the yearning for salvation, cannot be fulfilled both at the same time. But I would utter one word of warning to those who might react against utopianism so strongly as to adopt a contemptuous, sneering attitude to human beings, to say that they are such a rotten lot that they do not deserve anything to be done for them, and to deny the possibility of constructive change and genuine progress, such as England has known from the Reform Bill to the Welfare State. Such an attitude of pessimism is unwarranted, and lacks generosity and foresight. We must try to do good—but with a full and mature knowledge of the limitations of politics. Bertrand Russell once told us, in another context, that we had to proceed in the spirit of unyielding despair; and Georges Duhamel, the famous French writer, has said: "*Toutes choses sont à leur place dans ce monde misérable, même les désirs pathétiques pour un monde meilleur.*"

CEDARS OF LEBANON

KING MACBRUN AND THE JEWISH KNIGHT

Excerpt from the Boba Buch II

WE OFFER a second episode from J. I. Trunk's modern Yiddish version of the classic medieval *Boba Buch*, again in translation by JACOB SLOAN. The interested reader may turn for the beginning of the tale to the excerpt printed in this department last month. And for those eager to know what happened in between, Mr. Sloan has summarized: The wicked queen is foiled in her attempt to do away with her own son Boba when the old servant Shprintz reveals to the Prince that the delicious chicken she has been ordered to serve him is poisoned. Boba runs away. Half dead with fatigue, he is found by some merchants who take him by ship to the city of Armonia, where Boba, who is preternaturally honest, insists on being sold as a slave to repay the cost of his passage. He becomes a stable boy in the service of King Sigmundos.

The fair Princess Drusiana promptly falls in love with him. When Macbrun, king of a far

city, comes to claim her hand, and issues a challenge to all other suitors, Boba saddles Rendilia, a decrepit stable horse, girds on Stout Roogel, a sword from the rubbish heap, and vanquishes Macbrun. Now King Suldán, a giant of a man, claims Drusiana for his monstrous son, Zuzifer, and when King Sigmundos refuses, a battle ensues, wherein Sigmundos is captured. Boba confides to Drusiana that he is a prince, and then rescues her father, kills Zuzifer, and routs the enemy. Now tricked into going to King Suldán's country, Boba runs into a crafty German beggar who entices him into drinking a magic potion, then steals his horse, sword, and clothes. In the beggar's tatters, Boba arrives in Suldán's kingdom, where after a struggle he is thrown into a dungeon. But Princess Margerita comes to his aid; Boba escapes and goes to seek Drusiana—who has meanwhile been betrothed against her will to King Macbrun.—Ep.

*Did you imagine the sun would never
shine again?
That rascals could forever fool honest men?
No, that is not the proper way.
There is a Judge, and Justice true
For Boba and Drusiana, too.
The wicked man must pay.*

Then forth sallied our Boba. He was off to the town where stood the palace of the lusty King Macbrun. Striding along the highway, Boba ran smack into the same German vagabond he had already had an encounter with. You remember: he it was who gave Boba the sleeping potion and then filched all his things, stripping Boba naked as the day his mother bore him. The German was in rags and tatters, a beggar's pouch hanging down his back.

Boba put on an innocent face. Pretend-

ing not to recognize this blemish on humanity, he stopped the Yecke and on the spot made him a proposition, fair and square: Boba offered the Dutchman his good clothes; in exchange, let the Dutchman give up to him (Boba, that is) his rags and tatters.

The Dutchman smiled like an unwashed corpse. "If I don't look the vagabond," he said, "who'll give me so much as a lead penny?"

Suddenly Boba caught a glimpse of his old sword, the maiden Stout Roogel, peeping out from under the beggar's tatters. That did it. On the instant Boba threw his cards on the table, showed the stuff he was made of.

"Thou German dog!" cried he. "And didst think I couldn't recognize thee, and didst think I could forget so soon the Turkish trick thou play'dst on me? If thou yield not

up this moment the vile rags off thy back, and also my good sword Stout Roogel," cried Boba, brandishing the other sword, the one he had found in Suldan's rubbish heap, "my name's not Boba if I chop not thy head off to make kreplach meat off!"

The beggar began to cry and plead for his life. Boba reminded the wretch of his dirty tricks, and threatened him with the sword. Trembling like a leaf, the beggar swore to be a good and pious man from that time forth, to walk the straight and narrow, and do naught but deeds of charity the rest of his days.

"First off, give me thy tatters, thou German scab, and the good sword Stout Roogel," said Boba. "And tell me, what hast thou done with my steed Rendilia?"

"I lost the horse playing cards with a band of Gypsies," replied the beggar, beginning to strip. "The ring that I took from your finger I gave to a shiksa in a brothel."

Boba still kept his sword raised, and the German vagabond's face turned black with fear. His lips trembled. He wailed and sobbed, the tears pouring from his eyes like water through a sieve. He reached into his pockets, drew forth two moldy jugs, and held them out to Boba.

"Spare my life, master," said the beggar, "and I'll give you these two jugs. In one there is a potion strong enough to lull a storm wind. The other jug has a kind of juice that, when you smear it on your face, it turns green and crooked and all change-like. There's not a Tartar living could recognize you then. Smear some more juice on and presto, you change back to the same Boba as before. Grant me my life, master, and take the two jugs."

"If thou art not lying through thy teeth, or trying to catch me in a web like a spider a fly, thou shalt have thy miserable life," Boba said. He brandished his sword.

"In testimony thereof"—the Dutchman smeared the juice on his own face—to look was enough to make you faint. He smeared some more: standing before you was the old Yecke tramp again.

"I forgive and forget," said Boba, taking the Dutchman's two jugs, his tatters, and the good sword Stout Roogel. "But let me not look on thy filthy face again, thou Yecke!" he grumbled. The vagabond ran off among the trees.

Boba donned the tatters. Then, smearing the juice on his face, in a trice he was transformed, yellow and twisted—a very vagabond. Under his tatters, Boba girded on the good sword Stout Roogel.

Our hero went forth. In beggar's guise, Prince Boba again was off to town, where reigned the lusty King Macbrun.

II

*The goodwife wears a headcloth, the bride
she wears a veil.*

*The painter wield's a pencil, the poet indites
a tale.*

*The wayfarer bears a letter. A copper for a
beggar.*

*The smell of hay in barn. The glow of open
hearth.*

*True love is waiting here for the loved one
to appear.*

And so it came to pass—Boba arrived in the town. The place was upside down. Carousing in the streets. Everybody in his cups. Macbrun hadn't been sparing of the bitters. There was jumping. There was singing. Whistles blowing. Sirens ringing. Boom-boom-boom went the bass violin. The glad man and the mad man were joking and poking together. Some were disguised as Purim players, in mask and visor and suchlike. Others had smeared their faces with lamp-black, and were yelling at the top of their lungs. Bandsmen stood on street corners playing. Madcap clowns and harlequins leaped through the air, turning cartwheels, improvising in rhyme. People held their sides with laughter. All bars were down. License reigned unconfined. City boys kissed village girls out in the open, for all the world to see. Even old maids began to dream: "It's a match! Let's drink to it!" Soldiers and butcher boys cut some lively capers. The city girls danced a brisk *patsher*.

Boba got to the market place. It was like a seething caldron. Folks bustling about, cozy, completely at home. There were long tables groaning under the good things of the earth—fish and marzipan, turkey and oxen-flesh, and all the rest—everything prime, of the best. Vats of vodka stood open, and Polish mead from the good old days. People were guzzling till they burst, stopping only to bellow: "Long live all trenchermen! Long live every good fellow! Long live King Mac-

brun! Soon he'll be saying grace over the pretty face of the fair Drusiana, she of world renown. Long live King Macbrun!"

Boba in his tatters, and with his twisted pauper's face, barely managed to push his way through the cavorting and the sporting of the gorgers and the swillers, the madcap clowns and the harlequins, the Purim players and the dancers. At last he reached a table where he found someone sitting who, clever fellow, was wasting no time bellowing "Good luck to the bride and groom!" First things first, said this one to himself, the stuff won't last forever—and shoveled in another plateful of the best.

"I," said Boba to the busy fellow at the kreplach platter, "am a messenger from Boba. I have a letter for the fair Drusiana."

The busy fellow looked Boba up and down, studying him from toe to crown—his jaw never missed a beat, chewing at the kreplach meat.

"Do you want to keep your head—or would you rather have your lung-and-liver on display at the local butcher shop?" said he. "If you'd like to live a little longer, stick your tongue in your cheek and bite it—or that'll be the end of you. Never mention Boba's name. Better have some kreplach. When Drusiana hears mention of Boba, she turns moody and won't give the king of this place a second look. So Macbrun has let it be known: the first rogue to mention that name shall neither be remembered nor visited. Just whisper 'Boba,' and they'll quarter you in the middle of the market place."

Boba thought it over and went off to seek Macbrun in his royal palace. Since they wouldn't let a beggar in through the great door, he went around to the royal kitchen. The place was like Gehenna—with all the boiling and roasting that was going on.

Boba here again announced that he was a messenger from Boba. The cooks made as if to pour glowing coals on his head. Boba drew the good sword Stout Roogel from under his tatters, and flourished it once through the air—at least five heads flew off. Nobody in the kitchen cared to gainsay Boba after so proper a greeting.

Putting Stout Roogel back under his beggar's tatters, off Boba walked toward the door where the music was coming from. The door opened into a huge hall. There Boba discovered the royal bandsmen dressed

in their Sabbath best, golden tunics and the like. The court ladies were dancing quadrilles and minuets, and there in the center of them all revolved Drusiana, the moon among stars. Looking like a bird of paradise, she was garbed from head to toe in gold studded with pearls and diamonds and emeralds. A beauty beyond compare—she was lovelier than a swan that floats at dusk in a pond. But Drusiana's eyes brimmed with melancholy, and she seemed to be dancing in a sad reverie. Her figure drooped like a tree struck by lightning.

Boba approached Drusiana.

Seeing as he was all in rags and tatters, his face twisted like a pauper's by the juice the German vagabond had given him, the fair Drusiana did not recognize Boba.

"I have a message for you from Boba," he whispered in her ear.

The fair Drusiana started up from her reverie. Her eyes shone like the morning star. Her breast heaved with maidenly passion.

Drusiana asked the pretended vagabond how he knew about Boba.

Whispering low, he told her that he had lain with Boba in Suldán's black dungeon. They had gone through terrible things together.

"Where is Boba now?" Drusiana, all atremble, asked. She drew from her purse a fistful of Rhenish gold pieces, and poured them into the beggar's hands.

Then she led him off to a special and separate chamber, where they could be alone. They two stood at the window, looking out. Drusiana asked after Boba: What was on his mind? Did he still believe in love, and in predestination? Was he making plans to run away from Suldán's black dungeon?

"He has already escaped," the beggar said, "and is on his way here. He hoped with all his heart to stand under the bridal canopy with you."

The fair Drusiana lowered her head. Her eyes shone like two stars, brimming with tears.

At that moment Macbrun entered, and seeing his bride-to-be deep in talk with a beggar in rags and tatters, "Who's this?" he asked darkly.

"Oh, he's just a beggar from back home in Armonia. He's come all the way on foot to fetch me regards from Father," Drusiana

lied prettily. She wasn't the least afraid of Macbrun.

III

*The shepherd drives the sheep to pasture.
In school, the children study Bible.
Joseph reveals himself to his brothers.
Sweetly the shepherd sings in the meadow.
Eternal the tale and eternal the songs.
The years slip away, like water,
Living only in memory.
The leaves fall. The tree turns yellow.
Lambs in the meadow bleat. A bucket hangs
on the well.
Every door has a bolt, every tale goes round.
Joseph reveals himself to his brothers,
Boba to Drusiana.*

Macbrun stood there darkly sizing up the pretended beggar from head to foot. They were in the midst of conversation when in came running, all out of breath, posthaste, the stable master with a tale of disaster.

The royal stable was in a panic. That new horse—the one they'd bought from the Gypsies—had broken loose. He was rearing, leaping, biting, ripping, kicking, in a tizzy to get out. No one dared lay a hand on him—the moment you touched him, he trampled you into the earth like a worm. There were seven stable boys lying about, half-dead. Macbrun ran off to see after the wildened Gypsy horse. The fair Drusiana and Boba in his disguise went to look too.

"It's Rendilia," said Drusiana softly to the beggar, heaving a deep sigh. "No one but my darling Boba was ever able to ride Rendilia—and he is far, far away."

"Let me at the horse!" the beggar suddenly spoke up.

"Don't you go near Rendilia, dearest beggar," said Drusiana, turning white as the plaster on the wall. "Rendilia will trample you to bits. You're something special to me, dearest messenger from Boba, like a head-cloth, or like a love letter from King David to the princess Michal."

The moment Rendilia heard Boba's voice, she became wild with excitement, kicking out left and right. Men standing near her fell like flies. It was as though the Wild Bull had broken out of his chains at the ends of the earth and had run straight here on purpose to wreck Macbrun's town. Everyone ran off and hid in holes in the earth or on

rooftops. As for that great hero Macbrun—the ends of his mustache drooped, and he forgot all about his famous triumphs. He took cover behind the oven, like a puny lamb among bleating goats.

But when Rendilia saw that there was no one in sight—they had all fled, like a school of fish in flight—she came over to Boba and, curling up at his feet like a kitten, sniffed his beggar's tatters.

Boba mounted Rendilia. Joyously, the horse turned its head, flourished its tail, shook its mane. Through a gap in Boba's tatters Drusiana suddenly saw the good sword Stout Roogel.

"Boba!" Drusiana screamed in a piercing, strange voice.

"Then could Joseph not restrain himself"—Boba wiped his face with some more of the magic juice. Lo and behold—back came his manly beauty of old.

Drusiana wasted no time in idle chatter. She fell on Boba's neck, cried for joy, sighed, whispered tender nonsense in his ear. "To-day Macbrun and I will share the golden wedding broth. After that, he'll lead me off to lie with him," she sobbed on Boba's neck.

"Never you worry," said Boba, kissing his Drusiana on the eyes. "Here is a jug with a sleeping potion. After Macbrun has led you off to lie with him, when he's in bed waiting, speak to him words to this effect: 'Sweet, my Lord, in honor of this great and joyous occasion, drink a little of this old wine.' As soon as Macbrun drinks, he'll fall fast asleep—he'll be far away in the Land of Nod, like a drunk sprawling among empty baskets in the market place. Then you run right out to the stable where I'll be waiting, with the steed Rendilia and the good sword Stout Roogel. Away we'll fly like the wind."

Drusiana returned to the palace. Boba led Rendilia back to her stall.

While Drusiana prepared to stand under the bridal canopy with Macbrun, Boba hid in the stall under a heap of straw.

IV

So what if Macbrun has gotten Drusiana to wife?

Golden was the wedding broth, sweet the wedding chalah.

What though the bandsmen play deep into the night?

*That which is lowly cannot be raised high.
 Never ask of love wherefore or why.
 On her head Drusiana wore a wreath of
 orange blossoms.
 Circling the groom, she danced the pretty
 Duty Dance.
 The golden doors opened.
 Macbrun led Drusiana off to lie with him.
 "L'chayim!" Drusiana cries. "To a brand-new
 life!"
 "L'chayim!" Macbrun cries, thinking
 Drusiana his true wife.
 "L'chayim!" Drusiana hands Macbrun a
 beaker full
 Of wine that was trod in the devil's own
 winery.
 The devil smiles and whistles a mocking
 lullaby.*

In the royal hall the candlesticks were kindled and the tapers cast their shadows on the wall. On went the wedding. There was playing of music and dancing. Jesters sang the mocking Bridegroom Song. Macbrun and Drusiana were led under the canopy to the beating of drums and dancing, to loud cries of Vival! Then bride and groom shared the golden wedding broth. There was a feast so grand the steam rose from the hot plates. Drusiana danced the Duty Dance, and Macbrun's eyes blazed like a wolf's. He was dying for that happy moment when he would lie *tête à tête* with Drusiana—enter the gates of paradise.

At long last, bride and groom were led away to perform the act of holy union in a chamber separate and apart, to the accompaniment of joy and jubilation, to the fiddling of fiddles and blaring of horns. Now,

after all the tumult has died down, let them be alone, just the two of them, to do what persons properly do at such a time as this.

The spittle ran down Macbrun's lips. Youthfully, he twirled the ends of his long mustache. He longed to take the bridal veil and other ornaments off Drusiana's head, so that he might kiss this fairest of all maidens with the first of many kisses for a foretaste of paradise.

But, subtly the maiden Drusiana drew from the pocket of her white satin wedding gown the jug of that marvelous juice. She poured a beakerful, a beaker of pure gold, sparkling like the summer sun, and this beaker the new bride handed to the royal groom for a toast—*l'chayim*.

"Now that we two have lived to see this happy night," said Drusiana with a smile, "and shall, please God, grow old together in common pleasure till we be grandmother and grandfather—let us drink a *l'chayim*. First drink long life to me. Then I shall sip the dregs."

Macbrun did not wait to be begged. He gulped the beaker down at one swallow, as though it were a precious stone.

On the instant, he fell back on the bed and began to snore.

Drusiana wasted no time in idle chatter. Off she ran, in her bridal gown, with her bride's veil streaming behind her, straight to the stable and her Boba. Boba was waiting in the saddle with Rendilia and the good sword Stout Roogel.

He swung Drusiana up behind him. Rendilia flew off bearing them away like an eagle on the wind.

THE STUDY OF MAN

IS KEYNESIAN ECONOMICS OUTDATED?

The Need for a New Theory

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

THE major theoretical generalizations of economics have usually filled a felt need. This need generally rose from the dissatisfaction with conventional explanations which failed to answer important questions of public policy, and which still less adequately accounted for the decisions that men found it profitable to make in their daily lives. The message of individual initiative in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* fell upon the prepared ground of late 18th-century experience. In the English community of the period, increasing numbers of merchants were discovering how much more money they could make by ignoring than by obeying the nagging restrictions upon their buying and selling which a fussy mercantilist state had imposed. At the same time a great many ordinary workers were finding it desirable to evade apprenticeship regulations and breach the laws of settlement which, in theory, prevented them from leaving places where wages were low and work was scarce and going where wages were higher and work more plentiful. In short, what was going on was a boom in

individual initiative, an outburst of artistic, literary, commercial, agricultural, industrial, and scientific ingenuity seldom paralleled in human history. Naturally the state opposed its manifestations, and political economists were at a loss to explain its nature.

Thus proper opinion in 1776, the year Smith's great treatise appeared, judged this display of energy not alone as unlawful but also as departing from sound economics. Such are the lags in human thought that the best exposition of the mercantilist proposition that it is the state's function to direct the economic activities of its citizens, appeared less than a decade before the *Wealth of Nations*, with the publication of Sir James Steuart's *An Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy*—at a time when fewer and fewer Englishmen in their daily lives acted in accordance with Steuart's principles.

Smith's own massive tome was an ideological triumph, pointing out to the British public that the conduct which they found convenient and profitable was also good economics and sound politics. If a hand was to direct their activities, English merchants much preferred it to be invisible. And since, like human beings everywhere, these same merchants preferred to believe that what they did was right as well as profitable, no theory could have been more convenient or more reassuring to them than Smith's doctrine that the pursuit of individual advantage maximized the community's welfare.

WHEN prices went up instead of down during last year's recession, all economic theories, including those of the late John Maynard Keynes, were defied. Here ROBERT LEKACHMAN explains why a new theory is needed. Mr. Lekachman, associate professor of economics at Barnard College, contributed "The Politics of Recession" to our June 1958 number.

These are the usual rationalizations to be found in the record of economic ideas. Sharing the alarm of other members of the English upper classes at the regrettable tendency of the poor to multiply, Malthus in his population theory could offer a splendid sop to the conscience of the well-to-do. Since the imprudence of the poor in marrying early and fathering large families explained their poverty, the well-to-do were absolved of responsibility. Indeed, charity to the poor could only encourage them in their folly.

IN OUR OWN time, the sweeping triumph of Keynesian economics has testified not only to the intellectual virtuosity of Lord Keynes but also to the realization, first by ordinary folk and then by economists, that conventional theory deviated more and more from the facts it purported to explain. While conventional theory did not quite deny the possibility of depression, its entire emphasis was upon the tendency of depressions to be brief and adjustment to full employment to be rapid. With admirable subtlety, economic theory demonstrated that if prices were cut when demand fell and workers at the same time accepted lower wages, then recovery could not fail to be rapid. No doubt the theorist faced by the spectacular length and depth of the 1929-33 depression could point out that in fact prices and wages had not been rapidly cut—and the theoretical validity of the explanation stood unimpugned. There was something in this argument, but not much. For an economics whose remedies depended upon the existence of conditions nowhere present had little usefulness. Wages were not very flexible. Prices were, if anything, still less flexible. Under the circumstances, what did the speculations of orthodox economists have to offer? Very little.

In fact, the instincts of the politicians proved to be a good deal more helpful. There is some justice in the view that President Roosevelt's low grades in his economics courses at Harvard were bits of luck for the United States. President Hoover, a much better student of economics, knew that gov-

ernmental intervention and governmental deficit spending could do only harm. It takes a good deal of technical training to worry about inflation at the depths of a depression. Roosevelt knew only that he had to do something to meet the emergencies as they arose—even if what he did one week conflicted with what he had just done the week before.

Although some of Roosevelt's advisers—notably Tugwell and Currie—were familiar with Keynes's ideas before Keynes's *General Theory* appeared in early 1936, the teachings of that work were not specifically embodied in the policies of the early New Deal. What Keynes's generalizations did above all was to make sense out of the chaotic economic problems of his period—the same service that Adam Smith had rendered to his time. It is a measure of Keynes's success that any short summary of his conclusions now sounds like a string of platitudes. Keynes explained that at the center of the depression's very existence was a deficiency of spending. Why had spending stopped? Not because of any thrift on the part of consumers—they were willing enough to spend if only someone would give them income. No, the faintheartedness of investors was the heart of the matter. When businessmen become gloomy, they refrain from buying the machines and constructing the factories which employ many men to begin with, and, through spending and re-spending, still further increase income and employment. With businessmen in this mood, workers cannot find jobs however low the wage they are willing to accept. When jobs shrink in number, incomes shrink, sales drop still further, and the gloom of investors deepens even more.

In the very depth of a depression, political exhortations to be of good cheer and to greet the prosperity just around the corner are likely to have no effect: businessmen looking about them see little chance to profit from new investment. Only government can fill the investment gap. Its best technique is public works, financed by a deliberately planned deficit. In time, business confidence will return and the public-works programs

can be curtailed mostly because of the increase in spending originally induced by government action.

Now all of this made excellent sense—its technical merits completely aside. It assured the unemployed that the reason they couldn't find jobs was that there weren't any to be found. It told businessmen what they too knew: that cutting prices has little effect upon customers who lack income. It assured the government that the deficits it was incurring were an absolute necessity, not a measure of its political immorality. If anything, the government could be criticized for not running much bigger deficits, and thus speeding recovery—it was just this criticism that Keynes made of New Deal spending policies. Keynesian economics have been called depression economics, and while the label in many respects is inaccurate its psychological appositeness is considerable. Just as Smith had assured the Englishmen of his time that what they did was sound in theory as well as profitable in practice, Keynes convinced even a majority of his colleagues that the instinctive response of liberal governments to depression was good economics. The next generation in economics belonged to the new theories of the Keynesians because these new theories alone could exorcise the devil of depression.

II

DO KEYNESIAN generalizations continue to apply? Do the institutional changes of a quarter of a century demand still newer economics to make order and sense out of factual chaos? I shall suggest that some of the problems which arouse agitated economic discussion seem less and less susceptible to Keynesian solutions. Three major domestic problems are inflation, economic growth, and the concentration of economic power. The economic advance of the underdeveloped countries is the towering international problem, but I shall not endeavor to discuss it (following in that respect Keynesian precedent). The other three problems, however, are closely interrelated and, in terms of Keynesian solution, extremely perplexing.

In the *General Theory*, Keynes dismissed the problem of inflation with the strategic assumption that until full employment was reached no general price rise would take place. If this assumption corresponded with the facts of experience, then an economy which moved along at no more than full employment or, perhaps, at a level just short of full employment could hope to enjoy substantial price stability. Recent experience indicates that the assumption does not accord with reality. On the contrary, the price level frequently begins to rise long before complete recovery has been achieved. During the 1957-58 contraction the consumer price index actually rose. To the student of Keynesian economics such events present dilemmas. At its simplest, Keynesian policy has always favored monetary restraints when prices rise. The familiar Federal Reserve weapons—open market sales of securities, and variations in rediscount rates and reserve requirements—can quickly shrink the money supply and increase the cost of borrowing. But Keynesian policy in times of unemployment preached an expansion of the money supply and, at need, public-works expenditures. What does the Keynesian do when unemployment and prices rise together? How can he avoid an unpleasant choice between unemployment and inflation? As a practical matter, he cannot. Liberals will accept some inflation in order to eliminate unemployment; conservatives, as the record of the Eisenhower administration demonstrates, will accept some unemployment to avert inflation.

Although the liberal may generally prefer a little inflation to a little unemployment, he may also be puzzled about why he must choose. As for conservatives, a dilemma exists for them also. It is not only a matter of winning re-election: intelligent conservatives know that the issue of recession in an election year can destroy any administration, as the elections of 1958 reminded them. Conservatives, like liberals, favor high rates of economic growth. Can such rates be reconciled with price stability? Such an influential conservative economist as Sumner Slichter

answers this question with a flat negative, and is willing to accept some inflation in order to enjoy adequate economic expansion. Since full use of men and machines is a necessity for high rates of growth, since prices tend to rise long before full use of these resources, any conservative emphasis upon price stability demands that monetary controls restrict credit before expansion has gone very far. Price stability means unemployment. Economic growth implies some inflation. Where, oh where are the classic simplicities of Keynesian economics?

WHAT has gone wrong with the Keynesian universe? Why does such perverse economic behavior afflict both conservative and liberal? Although the questions are easier to ask than to answer, some of the elements of a response are plain to sight. Keynes's strategic assumption that prices would rise only after full employment had been achieved was founded upon a notion of market organization and a conception of business behavior which no longer apply to the characteristic operations of American enterprisers. Assuming something like free competition, Keynes relied upon the rivalry between businessmen to induce physical expansion in output without changes in price, until the limits of expansion were reached. As Gardner Means has had occasion to point out once more, free markets and business rivalries have little to do with the determination of prices in most manufacturing industries. In steel, autos, and a host of other industries, price leaders announce prices and the other members of the industries promptly follow. Whether such agreement is tacit or overt is less important than the fact that prices are administered by conscious decision rather than allowed to reach levels determined by the free interplay of demand and supply in the market. The astute calculations of our industrial giants often lead them to prefer smaller sales at higher prices to larger sales at lower prices. Indeed, it may even strike them as desirable to raise prices while demand is falling, much as the auto companies did at the start of the 1958 model year.

Union behavior tends to intensify the pressure upon prices. During each of the post-World War II recessions, average wage rates rose even in the face of declining employment. Given the administered prices of their employers, union leaders have been by no means wrongheaded in pressing for higher wages in bad times as well as in good. Since they have no reason to suppose that lower wages will be translated into lower product prices, they cannot sensibly conclude that restraint on their part will increase employment during recessions. Under these conditions, the hope that wage rises will not exceed productivity gains (even if it were easy to measure the latter) is very slight.

These institutional facts help to explain the annual charades which unions and managements stage. As the expiration date of a contract approaches, unions and managements negotiate with mounting bluster. A sense of crisis begins to filter out to the public. Noble in pose, management declares, frequently in paid advertisements, that it holds the line against wage increases much more in the public interest than in its own. Equally public-spirited, union leaders call upon management to unlock their pirate chests of profits and enlarge the mass purchasing power upon which prosperity depends. Ultimately, sometimes after a short strike, management concedes a substantial wage increase. With sighs of pain, the company then raises its prices, frequently by an amount much in excess of the increase in wage costs. It remains to be seen whether the outcome of the current strike in the steel industry will represent a departure from an old script and whether industry will make a more genuine attempt to hold the price line.

Keynesian doctrine considered government influence upon prices as symmetrical, tending toward restraint during expansion and encouragement during contraction. In truth, the actual policies of American governments of all complexions have operated to prevent price drops at any time. Here the largest offender is our disastrous farm program which prevents food prices from dropping

and deprives the community of the full benefits of the technological revolution on the farm. That revolution has converted agriculture from the sentimentalized way of life of the strong in heart to an industry located on the land. But agricultural policy is not the only government policy responsible for the pressure toward higher prices. Tariffs, discrimination against foreign bidders for defense contracts, and wasteful procurement practices by the defense agencies all add to the upward bias of prices. These are institutional mechanisms deeply imbedded in our political system.

And finally, the very protections which groups threatened by inflation have endeavored to erect have themselves diminished the economy's resistance to price increases. Escalator clauses in union contracts, semi-automatic increases in old age pensions by successive Congresses, variable annuity plans, and wage reopening clauses in long-term contracts, all lessen the damage inflation can wreck on any one single group, and as a consequence diminish each group's active opposition to inflation.

The reasons why inflation threatens, converge to a single point: organizational pressure upon prices has superseded individual pressure, and it is a great deal more powerful. National unions, national corporations, veterans' groups, farmers' lobbies, and big government itself have all discovered that stable prices hold no thrill and that inflation can be turned to group profit. The economist's need now is to understand the principles which animate these organizations. Here an economics newer than the Keynesian is essential, if we are to learn how large organizations make the decisions which both create and solve our problems.

III

SUCH an investigation quickly brings us to the issue of economic concentration of power. Here nothing is certain. Among economists there is considerable debate about whether economic concentration has increased, decreased, or remained the same in the 20th century. While the statistical evi-

dence is susceptible to all of these interpretations, two generalizations do emerge: by any measure, the large corporation is influential, and statistical measures do not and cannot encompass all the dimensions of corporate power. In manufacturing, the 113 largest companies own nearly half of all the assets. This impressive statistic undoubtedly underestimates the real influence of these industrial colossi, because there is no convenient way of measuring the importance of personal ties, interlocking directorates, and informal communities of interest. We do know that in a wide range of industries including aluminum, autos, tin cans, agricultural machinery, cigarettes, steel, rubber tires and tubes, meat products, and distilled liquors, a single firm dominates the pricing policy of the entire industry and the largest four firms produce far more than half the total output of the industry. The cheerful are fond of pointing to the increase in the actual number of small enterprises as evidence that little merchants and manufacturers can still get along in our economy. The evidence is inconclusive because it frequently ignores a fundamental question about the changing meaning of individual independence. Legal form aside, how much real freedom of action do automobile dealers or gasoline station operators have? At least partly, their tolerated existence is a convenient way of allowing auto and petroleum companies to exercise control over the distribution of their products without assuming some of the financial risks of marketing.

Neither malevolence nor conspiracy is the issue: the gigantic arouses alarm simply because it is gigantic. Quite justly Americans have been suspicious of power wherever it is located. In the market place, the anti-trust acts testify to a continuing reluctance to allow the big to control the small. Unfortunately, current economic theory says little that is helpful. In Keynesian economics, there is no direct consideration whatsoever of the problem. Other discussions rely cloudily upon the anti-trust laws to curb excessive concentration, or on the hope that large organizations will check each other, or iden-

tify a change of corporate ethos. In these discussions, helpful insights are to be found but all of them suffer from a damaging lack of specificity. Until theorists offer, as they used to, plausible answers to questions of what given economic units will do in given economic circumstances, theory is weak and ineffective.

In one way or another, the popular attitudes to concentration illustrate the defects of current theory. Take first anti-trust. In our history, Congressional enthusiasm for enforcement of these statutes has fluctuated. Generally appropriations for the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice have been much too small to permit continuous surveillance over the competitive practices of the economy. However, even if appropriations were more generous, one wonders whether the anti-trust laws could really check the probable drift of greater and greater economic power into fewer and fewer hands. Since both efficiency and power are associated with size, the tension between the American love of efficiency and the American distrust of power will usually inhibit positive action. How far could any Department of Justice advance toward the restoration of an approximation to genuine competition, if the price to be paid were some degree of economic efficiency?

But an even graver handicap to anti-trust enforcement is the absence of adequate economic theory to guide either the anti-trust attorneys or the economists who advise them. An illustration should make this crucial point clear. Last year Judge Weinfeld declared illegal under the provisions of Section VIIa of the Clayton Act the proposed merger between Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube. The key passage of Section VIIa prohibits mergers whose effect is diminution of competition. During the trial, much of the argument revolved around the question whether an enlarged Bethlehem could offer greater competition to United States Steel, the industry's largest firm, or whether the merger would simply eliminate one competitor, encourage still other mergers, and diminish competition in this not

very competitive industry. Judge Weinfeld's conclusion that the second result was more probable than the first was no doubt correct, but anyone who reads the decision is likely to reflect that the Judge reached his results primarily on the basis of common sense, legal definition, and astute inference, rather than on the basis of any economic theory.

EVEN when the government wins its case, the question often is what can be done to prevent a repetition of the practices which caused prosecution. Thus in the Tobacco Case of 1946, the courts agreed with the government's contention that the industry's Big Three had tacitly conspired to restrain commerce by reaching agreements in two critical areas: the percentages of leaf tobacco each company was to acquire, and the prices and mark-ups of finished cigarettes. Without defending the companies, it is still difficult to see how a few giants in a single industry can refrain from tacit, if not overt, agreement. The essence of size is interdependence. The leaders of any one of these companies would have been fools indeed if they had pretended that what each of them did would have no immediate repercussions on the behavior of the other two. Since the government asked for no affirmative relief, it is possible that its attorneys were equally baffled. The rocks on which the anti-trust laws may well founder are the pervasiveness and the subtlety of economic power, and the difficulty of advancing practical alternatives to its exercise by those who possess it.

The anti-trust laws are a mode of diminishing economic power. Galbraith's notion of countervailing power is a way of saying that economic power need not be feared because its possessors check each other rather than exploit the general public. The ingenious hypothesis which he advanced in *American Capitalism* pointed to the tendencies of business units on opposite sides of the market to limit each other's freedom of action, much as the large retail food chains decrease the capacity of oligopolistic suppliers to charge exploitative prices, as the United Automobile Workers makes it harder for the auto com-

panies to charge the prices which produce maximum returns, and as the government ultimately acts to strengthen the weaker parties in economic contests. When he wrote his book Galbraith made one significant reservation about the efficacy of countervailing power: in time of inflation, collusion was more likely than countervailing. In the years which have elapsed, the reservation has come to bulk larger and larger. The mechanism fails and the public risks exploitation when higher wages are promptly translated into higher prices.

The final approach to corporate power emphasizes the changing objectives of those who wield that power and the altered ethos of the corporations in which they operate. In somewhat different ways both A. A. Berle and David Lilienthal have observed in the large corporation an evolving social conscience, or, at the least, a consciousness that there is much more to the corporation's role than the single-minded pursuit of profit. Corporation leaders have begun to identify their political role. The role demands that corporate executives balance the interests of customers, stockholders, management, employees, government, and general public. While the degree to which such notions have converted business leaders is no doubt exaggerated, the question would still remain, even if the largest claims were granted, how do the corporate leaders perform their feats of agility in the balancing of so many conflicting interests? What does the hypothesis tell us about what the business unit will do in a specific circumstance of dividend, wage, or location policy?

IV

THE drift of this discussion leads to the depressing conclusion that the distance between the assumptions—and conclusions—of contemporary economics and the real world which that economics purports to describe grows wider and wider. Because conventional economics emphasizes individual action, it offers no useful guide to an understanding of how unions and corporations—which mingle the political and the pecuniary

—reach their decisions. Handicapped by this gap in their theory, economists have been in a poor position to comprehend the full nature of an inflation largely caused by organizational influences, reconcile the growth needs of the community with a fair degree of price stability, or grapple with the problems of concentrated economic power.

In short, to revert to the beginning of this essay, we are now in a situation remarkably similar to that of the mercantilists in the decade before the *Wealth of Nations*. Different problems afflict us, old explanations fail to suffice, and the time cries for a new theory. Until such a new theory appears, liberals will be severely handicapped. Possibly one of the reasons why liberal Congressmen, like liberal intellectuals, seem curiously hesitant about the proposals they make and the changes they advocate, is an uneasy consciousness that they are living on the remnants of the vital ideas of the 1930's. If this speculation has any point, it suggests that liberalism's next thrust will come only in the wake of theoretical generalizations which explain the 1960's as well as Keynes explained the 1930's.

By now it is glaringly obvious that I have no such new theory to offer. Still, without advancing a theory, it is possible to ponder about what a theory should be like. Essentially, the new theory should be a theory of organizations rather than of single human agents engaged either in maximizing profits if they are businessmen or maximizing satisfactions if they are consumers. A relevant new theory must merge politics with economics—contrary to the century-old tendency of economists to convert their subject into a detached scientific discipline. Once political economy, economics should become political economy again. The new politics of its title will include trade unions and large corporations, pressure groups, and government.

What are the likely sources of such a theory? No doubt many Keynesian doctrines will be salvaged, just as Keynes himself depended heavily on his predecessors, even those whom he criticized most severely. It

will draw upon the organizational theory pioneered by Chester Barnard and most subtly expounded by Herbert Simon. At hand it has a neglected American source, the institutionalist tradition which began with Veblen and was carried forward in the work of Commons and Perlman. It is an appealing vision to imagine a union between the institutional insight into the life of society and

the Keynesian technique of aggregative analysis.

In the meantime, it might be well if the general public did not take economists too seriously. This may be one of the periods when clear thought, an open mind, a willingness to examine the facts, and a pragmatic attitude yield better results than the received theories of economics.

ON NOT KNOWING YIDDISH

FLORENCE VICTOR

"**S**PEAK to it in Yiddish," I kept hearing
From the time I climbed out of my
crib and

Almost broke my skull. It was the same in
Kindergarten, first and second grades, then
High school, college, talking to my friends
just

Back from Europe, always taking language
Tests, always horrified by grammar,
Missing punch-lines, reading tales that
were insipid

Due to losses in translation.

When I first started chattering in ink
My parents had my I.Q. framed inside
Their heads, until, distracted by the noise
That forged the syntax of my ancestors
Into a frieze above the kitchen sink,
I stood still, dabbing with a dish-rag,
Wondering what to say to all my relatives
Who spoke so well, whose presents
overwhelmed

My thank-you notes, lamenting that
I was
Too shy for playing the piano.

They made of me a dilettante who blunders
Through the most diverse of dictionaries,
Learning to pronounce peculiar sounds
To pave the cracks which formed soon
after I
Was frightened into speech.

From all their talk
I gained a slight inflection; yet I still
Converse with people—in the subway, in
The park—and counting peanuts for the
Elephants (one must be fair) is not
Too difficult for my distempered mind.
I have decided that to love one language
Is enough, and though I'll scan Roget
Until I die, I'll read the rest of mankind
In translation, while the linguists try
to find
New bed-time stories to explain the night.

FLORENCE VICTOR is a young New York poet whose verse of special Jewish interest is already known to our readers.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Test Scores vs. Discrimination

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Gateway to the Colleges" (June), Spencer Brown seems to doubt the validity of testing the "knowledge or skill" of a college applicant through the multiple-choice questions used by the College Entrance Examination Board. I fully agree that many mental qualities cannot be measured by this kind of testing. These test results, however, are only one of a number of factors influencing admissions decisions. Their principal value, the College Board directors say, is to provide a sharper description of the candidate's mind and increase the accuracy with which his performance in college courses can be predicted.

Discrimination would be much more prevalent than it now is if there were no method of standardizing college aptitude. Differential treatment of Jewish applicants has occurred most frequently where the admissions process has unduly weighted qualities which cannot be measured by objective tests. When New York and Kansas City applicants can be compared by means of the same measuring rod, it is much more difficult for a college to make discriminatory admissions decisions.

LAWRENCE BLOOMGARDEN
American Jewish Committee
New York City

MR. BROWN writes:

I am grateful to Mr. Bloomgarden for bringing up an important point that I did not have space to deal with in my article. If he is right, and I hope he is, he has adduced a powerful argument for the College Board examinations—though not necessarily for their present form. Yet I suspect he may be unduly optimistic. Racial or religious discrimination can be practiced with or without examination scores. Naturally, whenever other things are equal, the candidate with the higher scores is preferred. But other things never are equal. And social "acceptability" or extra-curricular zeal or "leadership" or some other more or less imaginary quality may be used as a criterion for unfair selection. In Mr. Bloomgarden's illustration, I should guess that the candidate from Kansas City (or *a fortiori* from Laramie) is practically

always preferred, at an Eastern college, to the candidate from New York unless their College Board scores are grotesquely disparate. "Geographical distribution" is still a formidable hindrance to fairness in college admissions.

I should be sorry if my article gave Mr. Bloomgarden the impression that I wished to abolish the examinations. Fortunately, that would be about as difficult as abolishing income taxes. I am in favor of standards and examinations; but I know the present examinations need radical revision.

The "Essential" Jew

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Herbert Weiner, in his very graceful article "The Bible of the Israelis" (June), says that "Ahad Ha-am's thesis was that the Jewish people possessed a national ego, a 'will to live' capable of creating not only prophets like Moses, but an image of the Creator of the World. In this sense even a non-religious Zionist might call the God of Israel his God, since it is an expression of his people's national ego." Rabbi Weiner then comments: "It was of course a semantic blur, but of pragmatic value in the early Zionist days, when it enabled all shades of religious opinion to join in the common goal of establishing a Jewish homeland."

Why is it a semantic blur? Because it posits a genius, a spiritual essence, of the Jewish people which has expressed itself historically, apart from any observation of Ahad Ha-am's? . . . In every real sense the God of the Jews is the collective ego of the Jews. The two are interchangeable. Take away the Jews, and the God of the Jews—which is the God of the Bible and the Talmud—dies. . . .

What divides the Jewish people today is indeed a semantic blur. The extremely religious would pay court to a God who exists as the father of all nations with the Jews his special favorite. . . . On the other hand, the secular nationalists . . . espouse the spirit of the Jewish nation. The fact is, both factions espouse the same thing, which is the intangible spiritual essence of the Jewish people. . . . If once fully understood [this] could open to Jewry resources of unified energy now wasted in bickerings. . . .

The Bible, the Talmud, Zionism, these are specifically Jewish dreams, Jewish truths. . . . Like the cambium layer girdling a growing tree, there are those intelligences who find themselves outside these dreams, uncontained by these truths, but in the light of history bound to comprehend them as aspects of a single growth, a single unity. . . . It is in the nature of a religious Orthodoxy that it be unable to perceive its equivalent or mirror-image in the sophisticated Western nationalism of the modern secularist. Moreover, for some generations now, that Orthodoxy has seen itself rifled by Western secularism. If what we stem from is to be preserved for the future, there must be a bridging over. This must now come from the secularist himself. . . . The son must give shelter to the venerable father.

This will take patience and self-mastery, which can derive from the recognition by the son that he is one aspect, a special perception, of an innate essence. There is a crucial difference between the recognition that here are two approaches to but a single truth . . . and the destructive assumption that [on the one side] is truth and [on the other] falsehood. . . .

Whatever Jews come to believe, is Jewish. For Jews it is the indefinable but cohesive Jewishness that is truth—the unique spirit, or character, expressing itself in the various beliefs. . . .

HYMAN GAIBEL

Chicago, Illinois

"Raisin in the Sun"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I happened to see Lorraine Hansberry's play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, and read Gerald Weales's review of it (June) in the same week. . . . Mr. Weales seems to vacillate between telling us that the play is really good and really not very good. . . . He begins with the question of whether or not the play won the Drama Critics' Award as the best play of the season because it was about Negroes and written by a Negro. . . . [A] review of the play in another magazine began by stating that if the play had been about whites no one would have gone to see it. There seems to me in these attitudes a kind of "cute liberalism" which is a menace. . . . The reviewers show themselves "brave" enough to expose the inverse-prejudice which they feel made the play for sociological reasons a popular success. . . .

Mr. Weales "documents" the fact that "The publicity for *A Raisin in the Sun*, the news stories about it, the excitement it stirred up among Negroes . . . all emphasize that it is a play written by a Negro woman about

Negroes, a fact which could hardly have been forgotten when the Critics' Award was passed out." But at the end of the piece he says that it is the best play of the year. . . . If it is, why can't the reviewer concentrate on discussing it as a play, rather than, as he also implies it is, a piece of "propaganda." . . . I do not believe that so many white persons, myself included, could have been moved by *Raisin* if it were only a "Negro play." I think there are such things as "Negro plays" which are well done but are of little interest to white people. Langston Hughes has written them. Miss Hansberry has written an American play. . . .

When he gets to the play itself, Mr. Weales says that it is "old-fashioned" because "practically no serious playwright, in or out of America, works in such a determinedly naturalistic form as Miss Hansberry." I suggest that the word Mr. Weales should have used is not "old-fashioned" but "un-fashionable." . . .

Mr. Weales concludes by regretting that he does not expect to find any hope for a vital American theater in the future plays of Miss Hansberry. I will not be so bold as to venture any judgments on the plays that Miss Hansberry has not yet written, but I can gladly say that the one she did write seemed to me (along with William Carlos Williams's *Many Loves*, a play of quite different techniques and intentions) among the most vital experiences in the American theater since *Death of a Salesman*. I do not believe that the vitality of our theater depends on any fashion or any single method of approaching the truth, but rather on the success with which it renders the truth—as both the Williams and the Hansberry plays so movingly revealed. . . .

DAN WAKEFIELD

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was delighted to see that Mr. Gerald Weales attempted to initiate something of a serious discussion of at least some aspects of my play as a drama. I had begun to feel that attention to . . . the mere fact of its production has tended to diminish that particular need in the eyes of some.

[But I was] astonished to discover that . . . Mr. Weales could identify my play as "naturalism." The particular tenets of *realism*, which the play studiously employs, make this remark almost startling; and, to one who considers naturalism a form of near impotency, critically offensive. . . .

[However], much of Mr. Weales's remarks, negative and affirmative alike, seemed sound indeed to me, and I was particularly struck with his singular insight into the Willy Loman com-

parison. [Indeed] I plan to publish a short and popular little essay on exactly that matter in the very near future.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY

New York City

MR. WEALES writes:

Miss Hansberry has history on her side, if not current usage, in her complaint about my description of her play as "naturalistic." Insofar as naturalism, as Zola used the word, implies determinism, *A Raisin in the Sun* does not deserve that label. The fine edges that separated naturalism from its parent realism disappeared at the end of the last century, or so it seems to me, when both found themselves beset by a variety of kinds of non-realistic drama. Their differences also disappeared in the face of the kind of determinism which, creeping into the simplest assumption—the woman who once would have said, "he's a bad boy," began to say "what can you expect of *her* son"—came, by implication, to relate to every kind of realism. *A Raisin in the Sun* is not completely free of psychological and social determinism in this vague form, and no realistic play of our time can be. Even so, I was using naturalism as it applies to technique (realism) and not to philosophy (determinism), and insofar as my use of the word offended Miss Hansberry or confused anyone else who may have read the article, I apologize. . . . In the main, Miss Hansberry and I are talking about the same play in the same terms if not with the same vocabulary.

The Puritan Insight

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I never expected to find Hitlerian thoughts revived by an associate editor of COMMENTARY, yet Anatole Shub in reviewing C. V. Wedgwood's history of the Puritan Rebellion (June) says: ". . . a Puritan . . . would have sensed connections between the cultural chaos, economic hysteria, religious hysteria and sexual disarray of Weimar Germany and the political nihilism which followed." This assumes, as Hitler did, cultural chaos and the rest in the German Weimar Republic. The assumption is partly erroneous, partly unintelligible.

The "cultural chaos" of Weimar Germany is refuted by such cultural "chaotics" as Hindemith, Thomas Mann, Kandinsky, and Gropius. There was no economic "hysteria," whatever that means, in Germany in 1930, but genuine economic catastrophe. Conditions gradually improved from 1930 to 1933, and there was therefore no economic justification for Hindenburg's egregious mistake in appointing Hitler chancellor in 1933. If "religious hysteria" re-

fers to emotional religion, then it is clear that Weimar Germany never had anything even approaching the irresponsible evangelism (of all shades) prevalent in this country. If it means anti-Semitism, then it is equally clear that Weimar Germany had no more of it than most other countries, and that violent anti-Semitism there had no chance until ordered and enforced by Hitler. I hope Mr. Shub knows what "sexual disarray" is. Is it licentiousness? If so, . . . many well advertised countries [offer] more of it than Germany ever did. . . .

EDWIN M. SEARS

Denver, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Ever since the publication of Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* early in this century, the "Weber thesis" has been the source of whirlpools of interpretation, criticism, and counter-criticism. Most often, the criticism insists that Weber underestimated the economic factors in the development of modern capitalism. It takes a good deal of fanciful misreading to claim that ". . . Weber and Tawney felt the need to reduce them [the Puritans] to economic men," as Anatole Shub does. Indeed, it was Tawney himself who, in the Foreword to the English translation of *The Protestant Ethic* claimed that Weber "seems to lay in the present essay somewhat too exclusive an emphasis upon intellectual and ethical forces. . . ."

Weber time and again mentions the incredible complexity of events that was 17th-century capitalism and Protestantism. He reiterates continually that he is *abstracting* for the sake of analytic generalization and tentative hypothesis, when he indicates that Puritanism and capitalism had something to do with one another. At several places he plainly writes that he is not concerned with the "chicken-and-egg" question. And he writes at the end of his work: "The modern man is in general, even with the best will, unable to give religious ideas a significance for culture and national character which they deserve. But it is, of course, not my aim to substitute for a one-sided materialistic an equally one-sided spiritualistic causal interpretation of culture and of history. Each is equally possible, but each, if it does not serve as the preparation, but as the conclusion of an investigation, accomplishes equally little in the interest of historical truth."

Mr. Shub's flipness in dealing with Weber's words and meanings does little justice to Max Weber, or to history. . . .

DAVID COOPERMAN

University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

MR. SHUB writes:

If I read Mr. Sears correctly, it was by sheer accident (Hindenburg's "mistake") that Nazism took power in Germany, and by force alone that the Nazi clique maintained itself for twelve years; I find this notion unconvincing. The splendid behavior under Nazi occupation of such peoples as the Danes and the Dutch has shown that it takes two to make a war crime—not only a few bestial rulers but a great many compliant subjects as well. If one denies (as Mr. Sears appears to do) that the possibility of Nazism was implicit in the German climate of the 20's, one can only regard Nazism as some kind of *diabolus ex machina*.

I shall not attempt to elucidate each of the phrases in my article questioned by Mr. Sears (that would require another article, which could not "prove" the point in any case); but I would observe that he criticizes the vagueness of the words "religious hysteria" when the phrase I actually used was "religious hatred"—clearly, anti-Semitism. (The murder of Rathenau—a decade before Hitler—is sufficient, by the way, to make me doubt that "violent anti-Semitism . . . had no chance until ordered and enforced" by the Nazis.)

Mr. Cooperman's letter indicates that I did not make sufficiently clear the manner in which C. V. Wedgwood's histories undercut Max Weber's "thesis." Weber and Tawney both assumed an important connection between Puritanism and the capitalist bourgeoisie; they disagreed, as Mr. Cooperman says, as to which influenced the other more profoundly. Miss Wedgwood's histories, however, question the connection altogether; they lift the discussion of Puritan ideas to another plane entirely—the plane of the history of democracy, a system and ideology which in her view (and mine) do not at all depend on capitalism. The various strains of the English Puritan rebellion, she shows, lead not only to what is commonly called "bourgeois liberalism" but also to democratic socialism and communitarianism of a most egalitarian type. Not only does Miss Wedgwood's narrative flatly disprove many of Weber's factual assumptions (e.g., that "the

adherents of Puritan church discipline in England were found especially among the bourgeois capitalist middle class, thus, for instance, in the City of London"); but the variety of social thought and circumstances she portrays casts doubt on the very essence of Weber's thesis.

Weber argued that "it is not the ethical doctrine of a religion but that form of ethical conduct upon which premiums are placed that matters. . . . For Puritanism, that conduct was a certain methodical, rational way of life which—given certain conditions—paved the way for the 'spirit' of modern capitalism." He held that the Puritan's belief in "proving" himself before God and his fellow men "helped to deliver the 'spirit' of modern capitalism, its specific ethos: the ethos of the modern *bourgeois middle classes*" (italics in original).

We should now realize that the "methodical, rational way of life" essential for industrialization does not require Puritan ethical notions, or capitalism for that matter; modern Russia and Japan, both rather methodical industrial nations with assertive middle classes, owe little to Protestantism of any kind. Miss Wedgwood, on the other hand, shows that the debt of contemporary democratic ideas and institutions to the English Puritans is immense—in other words, that their ethical doctrine did in the long run matter more than the social norms to which many of them, like many other Europeans of the 17th century, adhered.

Weber, writing in Wilhelmian Germany, could not help but consider capitalism a more inclusive, more decisive condition than democracy; and it was perhaps natural, too, that he felt that "Protestantism, especially, legitimated the authoritarian state." It is even more natural that Miss Wedgwood, writing in Britain's welfare democracy after the experience of Bolshevism and Fascism, should find the enduring significance of Puritanism not in its historical congruence with certain economic modes, but in its fundamental development of the theory and practice of political democracy. This was, after all, the way the Puritans perceived it at the time—and there is no law of modern historiography that says they must have been wrong.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Resistance of Polish Jewry

A TOWER FROM THE ENEMY. CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF JEWISH RESISTANCE IN POLAND. By ALBERT NIRENSTEIN. The Orion Press. 372 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by PHILIP FRIEDMAN

IN THE last twenty-five years, a prolific literature has sprung up on the tragedy of the Jews under Nazism: more than 6,000 books and scores of thousands of articles, pamphlets, etc. In the presentation of this documentary material, two distinct historical attitudes are apparent. One school of writers is chiefly concerned with martyrdom—the atrocities committed by the Nazis and the suffering of their victims. The other tendency, which emphasizes Jewish resistance to the Nazis, comprises several sub-tendencies. The various Zionist groups and the Jewish Socialist Bund stress the unity of the Jewish organizations and the Jewish people in the struggle against the Nazis. Communists and their sympathizers, on the other hand, concentrate on the class conflicts within the Jewish community. In their view, the ghetto bourgeoisie, as represented in the Nazi-appointed Judenrat, betrayed the Jewish masses and collaborated in their extermination, while Jewish resistance was part of the broad anti-fascist uprising of the European proletariat, initiated and led by the Communists.

Mr. Nirenstein's collection of documents reflects this latter viewpoint. First published in Italian in 1958 under the title *Ricorda cosa ti ha fatto Amalek*, it is an unsatisfactory and tendentious selection. The book is supposed to depict the fate of all of Polish Jewry, but more than two-thirds of it is devoted to the Warsaw Jewish community—the largest, but by no means a typical one. A true picture of Jewish suffering and resistance in Poland cannot so largely ignore, as this selection does, the extensive documentation on Lodz, Lublin, Vilna,

Cracow, Sosnowiec, Czestochowa, Lwow, and the many small-town ghettos.

The presentation of Warsaw is itself lopsided. Fifty pages are devoted to a single anonymous report which is attributed to the Yiddish writer Joshua Perle. (Nirenstein contends that Perle's authorship "has been proven," but the question remains open.) In any case, the anonymous author was a bitter man who had lost his balance under the strain of the first forty days of the extermination; his diary, written in a mood of utter despair, is full of contradictions, and of outbursts of hatred and invective against his fellow Jews. To present this warped view as a basic text on the behavior of the ghetto population is to do Polish Jewry a grave injustice. Later on, indeed, Mr. Nirenstein offers another document, the secret report of the Jewish underground of November 15, 1942, which gives a more balanced account—though he fails to inform the reader that his text represents a drastic abridgement of the original (eleven pages out of sixty).

A great many other important accounts, among them the diary of Emanuel Ringelblum, have simply been ignored. By excluding so much material depicting the real life of the ghetto in its many dimensions, and by concentrating instead on distorted pictures like the "Perle" report, the editor makes it impossible for anyone to understand the transition from endurance and apparent submission in the early months of Nazi rule to resistance later on. He tries to bridge the gap with meaningless phraseology: "The collaboration of the Judenrat and the treason of the Jewish police at the services of the Germans do not in any way involve the people or the ghetto as such. Elsewhere, these people of the ghetto have shown us examples of the greatest heroism and spirit of sacrifice." Yet right after this statement, Nirenstein presents the "Perle" report, which in savage language accuses *all* the Jews of the ghetto of "shameful and disgraceful" behavior. Mr. Nirenstein thus promotes a slander much favored by anti-Semitic and neo-Nazi publications: namely,

that the Nazis were not as responsible for the extermination of the Jews as were the various Jewish groups and institutions which engaged in fratricidal conflict.

In his notes throughout the book, Nirenstein sounds the familiar Communist clichés: "Bourgeois parties . . . in the ghetto, Zionist and non-Zionist, were to a large extent opportunists and pusillanimous. Certain circles . . . provided the elements which formed the Judenrat . . . and other institutions which could objectively [?] be considered servants of the enemy. They aided them sincerely, even zealously, in the drive to exterminate their own people." The resistance movement started, according to Nirenstein, only after the Communist party took the initiative in creating an anti-fascist front in the ghetto, and "the Communists were among the principal organizers of the revolt." In his review of prewar politics among Polish Jews, Nirenstein's characterizations of the Jewish Socialist Bund are along Communist lines, as are such unqualified descriptions as: "there were also Jewish fascists who unsheathed their swords to conquer Palestine." In contrast, there is this piece of enigmatic nonsense about international Communism: "In the twenty years which separated the two World Wars the policy of the Third International was translated into terms of specific interest for the Jews."

The selection of documents is arbitrary, not only in relation to Warsaw, but also in the part devoted to "resistance in the major Jewish centers." Such events as the uprisings of the *Sonder-Kommando* in Auschwitz and in the concentration camp at Janowska Street in Lwow, the activities of the Jewish resistance organization of Brody, are not even mentioned. The vast literature on partisan warfare is represented by one personal narrative.

Finally, the English translation of this work is often inaccurate and in some instances distorted to the point of falsification. It is inexcusable to translate Himmler's infamous phrase about half-a-million "*Untermenschen*" in the Warsaw ghetto by "fifty thousand [sic] people of low degree," or to give the fine of one million zloty imposed by the Nazis as "one thousand zloty." In Mordecai Anielewicz's last letter to his deputy commander of the Jewish Fighting Organization, the phrase "Remember how they have betrayed us," is here transformed to: "We ask you to remember how you [sic] have betrayed us." An excerpt from the diary of the late commander of the Jewish

Fighting Organization in Bialystok, Tenenbaum-Tamaroff, reads as follows: "Now I am left the only survivor of the Soviet Central Committee." The meaning of this puzzling phrase is that Tenenbaum was the last survivor of the Labor Zionist underground which operated in the Soviet-occupied Polish provinces between 1939 and 1941. The Yidisher Arbeter Bund has been transformed here into a "Hebrew Social Democratic Party known as the Bund," the Polish "Council to Aid the Jews" into a "Jewish Aid Organization," the German Major Schultz into Meyer Schultz, and the ghetto wall into a "fortification." Misspellings of names are likewise numerous (e.g.: "Sigelblum" for Shmul Zygelboym, SS General "Dürgen" for Jürgen Stroop, camp "Westenburg" for Westerbork, and "General Ceruk" for a well known Soviet partisan leader, Chernish).

The More-than-German Mann

THE IRONIC GERMAN. By ERICH HELLER.
Little, Brown. 298 pp. \$6.00.

LAST ESSAYS. By THOMAS MANN. Knopf.
211 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by F. W. DUPEE

IF NOVELISTS are in some degree historians, Thomas Mann was the great historian of the present crisis in Western culture. He made a magnificent spectacle out of what has since become a dreary and desperate routine. Between the grim facts of disease and death, on the one hand, and the glories of art and philosophy, on the other, he discovered a metaphysical affinity. For Mann and his early readers there was a sort of beauty in the contemplation of this affinity. It lent a grandeur to the slow disintegration of the Buddenbrooks', the rapid fall of Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*, the up-and-down career of Hans Castorp in *The Magic Mountain*. Today, when the pressure of those grim facts, and of the whole ever-worsening crisis, seems to outweigh any current achievements in art and philosophy, Mann's metaphysics are unconvincing, a form of "soul butter" as Huckleberry Finn would say.

Indeed, despite all his concern with decadence, there was in Thomas Mann an old-fashioned interest in soul cures; an old-fashioned art went with it. The cure was firmly implied in the story, even when it didn't work for the hero in question. The cure consisted

partly in an exposure to new experience, such as falling ill, falling in love, and traveling; partly in a submission to Socratic procedures: scarcely a novel or tale of Mann's is without some simulacrum of a Socratic dialogue in the course of which the hero's cherished ideas are subjected to intensive scrutiny by himself and others. The unexamined life is not worth living.

Mann's faith in the reality of ideas was profound. So was his genius for seeing ideas written large and grand, or small and droll, in the drama of human character, of manners, and of history. The peculiar attraction of his work—for a past generation which *did* find it attractive—lay in the relation of its drama to its ideas, its surface to its interior. The surface teems with anecdote: no modern novelist has given us more characters, happenings, and scenes that have the immediate charm of first-rate anecdote; while the interior is alive with dim but active intellectual presences: Spirit and Nature, Democracy and Aristocracy, North and South, and so on. The art of Mann consisted in fusing the surface with the interior, in thoroughly crystallizing the anecdotes into universal parables.

Nowadays it is often objected that all this is overdone in Mann's work. The crystallizing process is *too* thorough, the symbolism employed to accomplish it too obtrusive, the whole art of the man too surgically expert and complacently omniscient. To be sure, similar objections were heard even in the heyday of his reputation. There was always some doubt as to the ultimate creative intensity of his mind as compared with his greatest contemporaries in the novel. To go from Mann to Joyce or Proust or Kafka was, one said, like passing through the frame into the picture, or exchanging the doctor's office for the confessional. For what they are worth, these distinctions make sense now as they did in the past; and Mann has been under the further disadvantage that his complex German did not go into very acceptable English, so that he has exerted far less influence than Joyce or Proust or Kafka on writing in this country. He has been the intelligent reader's novelist rather than the novelist's novelist.

THE objections to Mann's work have become sharper in recent years. For beyond the merely technical criticisms lies a changed point of view upon literature and life—a change begotten, evidently, not by any lessening of the crisis in culture but by its vastly greater gravity.

Mann's faith in ideas, his passion for explanations, have given way to a sort of cult of moral spontaneity, in life as in literature. The *examined* life is not worth living.

It takes a really free-spirited critic to rehabilitate a dated classic. Mann is such a classic now and Mark Van Doren is such a critic; and Mr. Van Doren's small recent book on *Joseph and His Brothers* showed what could come of an encounter between such a pair. Where most critics have been engulfed by Mann's own omnivorous critical intelligence, Van Doren remains serenely visible. Between the German novelist with his elegant complexity and the American critic with his elegant simplicity there is a dramatic half-meeting of minds. It takes place, moreover, on Van Doren's chosen ground: the theory and practice of comedy. Thus one critic has made this dated classic his own, just as others may in time make him theirs.

Here, meanwhile, are two further books on the subject, one about Mann, the other by him. Erich Heller's *The Ironic German* is a study of Mann's mind and work; and it has the immediate purpose, one gathers, of refurbishing Mann's image in the public mind. Mann's *Last Essays*, containing four literary portraits written during his later years, is a very personal and quite moving volume full of what appear to be tacit reflections on Mann's image as it came to exist in his own mind.

Anyone who is already familiar with Mann's work will find comfort and instruction in *The Ironic German*. Mr. Heller's account of the novelist's intellectual composition and affinities is thorough; his defense of Mann in the dialogue which forms his chapter on *The Magic Mountain* is spirited; his analyses of the major works are excellent even though a little too lengthy and tortuous. The point of view on Mann is not, however, very fresh or even very clear and well sustained. Unlike Mr. Van Doren, Mr. Heller does tend to fall victim to Mann's omnivorous mind, or at least to the similarities between their minds.

For one thing, Mr. Heller's title seems unfortunate, almost a caricature. The "ironic" suggests a pose rather than a man and the "German" fastens on a world artist the fatality of race. In part the book itself corrects the first of these impressions, showing that Mann's irony served a "moral intelligence" of the first order. Yet Mr. Heller is ultimately a little uncomfortable with the irony and with its phil-

osophic basis. By way of gently suggesting Mann's supposed limitations, he cites Kierkegaard and his famous hierarchy of Being. Mann's early hero Tonio Kröger, and by implication Mann himself, are said to have occupied "that border-region between the aesthetic and the ethical state" which lies considerably below the ultimate or religious state. But anybody can cite Kierkegaard and nowadays almost everybody does. The question is whether Kierkegaard is relevant to Mann, an uncompromising theist to an uncompromising humanist.

Then there is the difficulty of Mann's Germanism. Given Mr. Heller's background as a self-exiled man of Middle European origins, and his position as an authority on German literature and thought, it is natural that he should see Mann largely in relation to their common traditions. And Mr. Heller undoubtedly contributes a great deal of subtly reasoned evidence to the study of Mann's antecedents. Yet Mann's conscious debt to, his veritable identification with, such figures as Goethe, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche, are explored in *The Ironic German* to the point where one sometimes feels that one is participating in a mystery rather than reading about a mere novelist.

Concerning Mann's idea of the "burgher," Mr. Heller characteristically writes: "It seems an elusive but powerful organism capable of absorbing into its indefinitely expansive system a vast variety of incommensurable things: a measure of Christian piety and a measure of Will to Power, Goethe's doctrine of resignation and Nietzsche's dithyrambic excesses, Stifter's untempestuous ideal and Wagner's musical demon, Schopenhauer's will to saintliness and Bismarck's *Realpolitik* . . ." Thus are Mann's many ghostly forebears summoned by Mr. Heller from their widely scattered graves. No wonder he concludes that Mann practiced a sort of "imitatio mystica" of the dead, hoping thus to leave behind "a body of work which could truly claim to be the parodistic résumé of German literary history."

But true as this may be, does it account for the living charm and variety of Mann's work? Are not his German pieties a part of his private history, as distinguished from whatever it was in him which made him a great novelist of modern experience? And is it not just as a great novelist of modern experience that his image needs to be refurbished?

The *Last Essays* evoke a less past-haunted Thomas Mann than we sometimes get from *The Ironic German*, despite its excellence in other respects. And although three of Mann's subjects in this book were German—they are Schiller, Goethe, and Nietzsche; the fourth and most reverently portrayed is Chekhov—the book recalls us to Mann's character as the German become the "Good European." Indeed, Nietzsche's famous formula seems to have been invented just for him, in this final phase as in most of his writing since *The Magic Mountain*. The *Last Essays* also remind us of Mann's old genius as an essayist, his way of combining his extraordinary powers of ideological analysis with his novelist's gift of creating characters and telling stories.

But what lends a peculiar interest to these characters and stories is the extent to which they represent a sort of gentle inquisition on his own character, life, and work. For one thing he seems to change sides, writing very warmly about Schiller and Chekhov, two figures who were in many ways his opposite numbers, and writing rather less sympathetically of Goethe and Nietzsche, a pair with whom he had formerly identified himself quite closely. "In Germany greatness tends to a kind of hypertrophy," he remarks in "Fantasy on Goethe," the last of his several studies of that poet. And he goes on to show how Goethe "had in his majestic old age a good deal of this absolutism and personal imperialism," and how "at his death there was to be heard not only the nymphs' lament for great Pan, but a distinct 'Whew' of relief." Nor does Mann spare us any of Nietzsche's vulgarity and brutality in his brilliant but perhaps too immediately political reconsideration of that figure, "Nietzsche in the Light of Recent History."

On the other hand, Schiller and Chekhov are praised for their relative humility and their steady devotion to principle. Where Nietzsche's fatal illness is related not only to his triumphs as a thinker but to his megalomaniac excesses, Chekhov's illness is said to have produced a "strange, skeptical and infinitely endearing modesty." He was, Mann says, "too modest even for passion." After all, Chekhov was a *real* doctor and knew too much about disease to glorify it as Nietzsche did and Mann after him. What Chekhov accomplished in the short story, a form that Mann says he himself scorned in his youth, is contrasted favorably with "works of monumental stature"—surely

works like some of Mann's own. And Chekhov's narrative art is roundly declared to be "unsurpassed in European literature." Yet, as Mann is at pains to show, Chekhov became a great artist more or less by accident: through the intervention of a forgotten Russian critic who saw promise in his early journalistic sketches. Here again there is an implied contrast, this time with Mann's own conception of the artist as a historically and metaphysically predestined entity.

It is in his account of Chekhov's ultimate beliefs, or lack of them, that the essay is most intimately revealing of the author's state of mind. A thinker ought to answer the question "What is to be done?" Chekhov believed; yet he could not say what was to be done to improve conditions in Czarist Russia or ameliorate the human condition in general. He did not, however, take refuge in irony or dialectical exercises but ruefully sought, as he said, "just to depict life as it is, without taking one step further." In other words, Chekhov avowed his uncertainties more clearly and humbly than Mann himself had ever done.

But it is not the self-criticism that matters so much in these essays as the emotion behind it. Despite his years, his fame, his achievement, Thomas Mann could still suffer, still reflect, still play Socrates to his own ideas. The Chekhov essay has distinct political implications, it is true; it was originally a lecture delivered in Communist East Germany. And if this accounts for some ambiguously phrased expressions of hope for the future of the Soviet state—Mann's political sense was incorrigibly bad, first and last—it does not negate the passion behind the hope. Like Chekhov, Mann lived to be greatly tried by personal ordeals, fearfully depressed by the state of the world; and both men sought relief in visions of a "perhaps imminent day when life will be bright and joyful as a peaceful Sunday morning." The words are Chekhov's but the dream is both Chekhov's and Mann's. Thus a writer as enormously complex as Mann had always been, and as complacent in his greatness as he had sometimes seemed, was capable at last of visions and other simplicities! This strange fact underlies the *Last Essays* and gives them their peculiar preciousness. It also points to the more-than-German, the better-than-ironical, the magnificently human artist that remains to be rediscovered in Mann's work as a whole.

Politics as a Profession

TO BE A POLITICIAN. By STIMSON BULLITT, with an introduction by DAVID RIESMAN. Doubleday. 190 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by D. W. BROGAN

As MR. RIESMAN points out, this book is one of a kind rare enough in American political literature. Mr. Bullitt has never held high office, didn't get elected, and is still a young man. This is politics seen not from the apologist's podium, explaining great achievements or explaining away undeniable failures. It is politics seen as a craft, as a profession (though not in the pejorative sense of the term "professional politician"). Mr. Bullitt was not on the make when he entered politics—indeed, some of the most interesting passages in his fascinating book deal with the material, pecuniary, and professional sacrifices involved in his decision. But he wanted to enter Congress for good reasons, with no exaggerated ideas of what he could accomplish but with no false modesty about his suitability for his chosen career. Congress didn't get him, which was so much the worse for Congress; but as a result of what might have been a merely frustrating experience, Mr. Bullitt has acquired interesting views of that still arcane area of American life: politics in the sense of the pursuit of elective office.

What Mr. Bullitt has done brilliantly could have been done usefully but in a pedestrian fashion. Political science professors or active political operators could have given us some of the information on what may be called the "door bell" side of running for office, tips on how to meet the voters in the street or at the plant gate, reflections on the necessarily high threshold of tolerance of repetitive and increasingly boring rituals, reflections on the ambiguities of "public opinion" and on the trade risks of sex and booze. Mr. Bullitt has done all that. He has provided the would-be candidate with a useful set of ground rules and possibly a warning against entering on the political way of life on the only terms it can normally be entered in America, terms that frustrate and irritate and breed moral and intellectual delusions of superiority in the average egghead. But he has also done much more, for he has applied a high degree of intellectual curiosity and sophistication to his reporting.

Plutarch is as much a relevant authority for him as a modern sociologist or psychologist. Cleon and Coriolanus are types we have always with us. *The Lives of the Twelve Caesars* has its relevance for today. Thus the most sophisticated and sated student of politics in America or of democratic politics anywhere will learn, profit, and be amused by this brilliant report from the field.

The book that is most like Mr. Bullitt's is Sir Henry Taylor's *The Statesman*, and in its aphoristic style and firm rejection of easy moralizing Mr. Bullitt's approach is like that of Taylor. But it is more concrete; it recounts the author's endeavors as well as giving us his reflections on the general laws of electoral science. Mr. Bullitt is less above or beside the battle than Taylor was—and that is an advantage, since there is here a feeling of immediacy that is missing in the too sententious pages of *The Statesman*. As a coiner of phrases and creator of metaphors, Mr. Bullitt is fully Taylor's equal. The politician who has no alternative way of life lacks the "acrobat's net." Once politics were the chief public amusement of the populace; now "in some ways people have acquired more of the attitude of the guest or customer, whose function is not to act and to decide but to receive, consume, and be entertained."

One could go on citing precise and effective statements of the present political folkways, but it would be unjust to Mr. Bullitt to reduce him to a maker of epigrams. He has pondered deeply on many of the problems that afflict the reflective democrat today in America—and elsewhere. Is the decline in partisanship, in robustness of word and action, an unmitigated gain? Mr. Bullitt doubts it; togetherness has its price, which may be high. What will be the effect of the social promotion that will make the "upper class" not a vulnerable minority but one half of the whole, while the other half will be far less formidable than "the populace" was fifty years ago? These changes are producing what has been called in England a "meritocracy"—in which, incidentally, Jews will play a numerically disproportionate part.

The picture that Mr. Bullitt paints has its depressing side; so much of the noisy and conspicuous movement of American politics is waste motion. And I am forced to reflect how much easier the English candidate has it. He has to fight much less hard for the nomination, he has to fight much less hard for election

and can justify a certain amount of protective laziness by citing the experts who declare that the efforts of the candidate as such don't change more than 500 votes. Then Mr. Bullitt, for all his talents and industry, is pinned to his Seattle district by the locality rule. His party chiefs cannot reward and use him by finding him a safe seat, say, in the Los Angeles area. Some of the weaknesses of the House of Representatives are implicit in this account of the stamina required of candidates for entrance to that body.

On the other hand, a candidate for the House of Representatives is and must be much more of an individual, must carry more guns than the run-of-the-mill nominee of the oligarchical English system. Once elected, he need not be such a dumb sheep as is the average MP. If American politics could do with more Bullitts, so could English; and the paralyzing grip of the two English party machines discourages vigorous young men from entering politics at least as much as the long obstacle race here described with such penetration.

An Odd Tetralogy

THE EMPIRE CITY. By PAUL GOODMAN.
Bobbs-Merrill. 621 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by IRVING FELDMAN

THIS tetralogy-plus of novels is a very odd work. Odd not because of its abundant and ingenious fantasy, or the variety of literary genres it includes, or its encyclopedic learning, or the many points of view—Marxist, Freudian, Reichian, Taoist, Buberian, Anarchistic, Aristotelian—it brings to bear on this learning, or the successive metamorphoses of its central characters, or its wealth of unpopular and once-unpopular opinions. It is odd because this surface does not correspond to a similar depth. The often dazzling play of intellect conceals an elegiac emotion. The free inquiring spirit frequently falls into a set of postures and attitudes. The mantle of high-aesthetic literary experiment—and Goodman twitches it often—adorns a practical and moralizing intention. The work's exuberant surface tends to fix itself in a series of tints and so seems illustrative rather than actual. And ultimately, despite a number of beautiful and moving passages, all this richness of material and invention yields a sense of aridity.

The novels are arranged chronologically and oriented about the greater public issues of our times, moving from the Great Depression through World War II to the *pax Eisenhowerana* and the Great Prosperity. The first of these, *The Grand Piano*, is, in Goodman's words, an "almanac of alienation," where the actions of various "sociological humors" are taken to demonstrate that the following-out of any of the assumptions or attitudes of capitalism must necessarily lead to some dissociation from society (and, therefore, that this economy is itself alienating): Mynheer who lives handsomely on false credit and, as the "Intellect of Man," plans a radical educational program; the financier Eliphaz who is dedicated to converting all use-value to exchange-value, that is, to abstracting the world; Emily, his daughter, who yearns only for permanent possessions; and Arthur, his son, who, as the ultimate consumer, is also engaged in destroying himself; and finally Lothair, Laura, and Horatio Alger who live on relief and pursue in their several ways their disagreements with society.

The State of Nature, which follows, centers on the war, which is seen as the dissolution of society and the establishment of the state of nature, as the fulfillment, therefore, of the alienating tendencies of *The Grand Piano*: Eliphaz dies and Arthur is killed in the war; the architect Laura becomes the camoufleur of her own constructions and is deserted by her twin sons, Lefty and Droyt; Lothair sets free the animals of the Central Park Zoo; and evacuated city children ravage the countryside.

The Dead of Spring (subtitled "After a War") deals with what Goodman calls, after Comte, the "sociolatri," the condition of the complete bureaucratization of daily life accompanied by the worship of society. Here Laura (otherwise named "the Glancing Day" and "Truth") commits suicide, Mynheer embarks on a flight out of this world, and the other characters, each maimed in some crucial way, undertake a series of ritual mournings, sacrifices, labors, in the hope of instituting a true community, of producing new life from violence, or with it.

The Holy Terror, finally, is announced as a "Register of Reconciliation"—the surviving characters have prospered with age and grown more satisfied with the state of things. There is a set of "neolithic rituals"—Conversing, Dancing, Eating, Murdering Father are some of the chapter headings—which provide an eti-

quette of communal life; and Horatio even ventures momentarily outside the little world of what Goodman calls "our friends" and becomes a member of the PTA, a very funny episode, neither flat nor thin.

Unfortunately, there is not the space here to discuss in any kind of detail the permutations of the characters as sociological, psychological, and metaphysical types, or the wealth of interconnections between these, or the little essays, tedious or fascinating, which crop up here and there, or the passages of high comedy or of rare poignancy and beauty (most of them in *The Holy Terror*, certainly the best of the novels): the final portrait and death of Lothair, the death of Arthur, Mynheer's parable of the uncarved block, the children's card game, the often charming urban pastoral romance of Horatio and Rosalind.

"THERE is no fool like a wise man," the saying goes, and most of the faults of *The Empire City* may be laid to this sort of folly, for the work is largely didactic in its intentions, an effort to trace the path of the author's search for salvation and to instruct the reader in the dilemmas of life, proper communal relations, the nature of freedom, mental health, etc. Goodman's style is generally schematic and his tone sweetly reasonable; like a big fish below who devours the flashing minnows of the surface, a universal statement rises up to swallow a particular (e.g., "At this suggestion there was a buzz of excitement, for a contest always arouses enthusiasm"). Where the particulars escape they tend to survive, on the one hand, as mere *exempla*, as instances of a universal proposition or moral maxim, and, on the other hand, as a set of precious objects. The bother here is that Goodman, like a "dull sublunary lover" forever pointing at the physical beauty of his beloved, continually insists on the value of these precious objects, on the truth of his ideas, the excellence of the ways of life he advocates, the significance of certain memories, tags, phrases (the "lordly Hudson" and all that), and on his own patient reasonableness. But this seems to me, finally, not very interesting, and even sentimental (for the sentiment is fixed to an image, is not left freely creative) and self-indulgent. Nor is it greatly to be wondered that the search for salvation should lead to the desert and to the worship of golden calves. At its least intense, this didactic element becomes snobbery and pose. In the

sportive *Grand Piano*, for example, sailor bars are taken to be the antechamber to Heaven; in the more domestic *Holy Terror*, it is lofts in Hoboken. Here, as elsewhere, one too often feels the elbow of doctrine poking through the threadbare sleeve of the fiction.

Were it not for the abundant fruitfulness of *The Holy Terror*, one would be tempted to think that the quest for wisdom had dried the springs of life in Goodman, that his satire had turned back on him as it did on the rationalist Gulliver among the Houyhnhnms. But this last novel strongly suggests that, like his Mynheer who has fallen in love with "his Only World," Goodman has given himself to the surfaces and smells of this our only Yahoo-world. *The Empire City* is no ordinary work, and not the least of its wonders is how it can be so very good and bad at the same time.

18th-Century American Jewry

AMERICAN JEWRY: DOCUMENTS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by JACOB RADER MARCUS. The Hebrew Union College Press. 492 pp. \$8.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES REZNIKOFF

Most of the Jews of the 18th century in North America were engaged in trade, but their business letters to one another also touched on religious and personal matters, so that Dr. Marcus's collection of such letters and other documents—with brief explanatory introductions by himself—has much of their day to day life. The hasty reader who skips through Dr. Marcus's collection of documents may wonder impatiently if they were worth all the trouble it took to resurrect them. Here, for example, are the scolding of parents, the banal endearments of young people trying hard to be in love—much like the conversation we overhear in the streets—and, worse yet, here are the intricate letters and documents of lawyers and great merchants. And yet, whoever reads Dr. Marcus's collection with some attention will find anxieties and ambitions not unlike his own. We are inclined to think, for example, that those were days of leisure, or at least without the hurry and tension we suppose peculiar to our times, but letters end with the apology: "Excuse hast," "In haste," "Excuse brevity for want of time."

Dr. Marcus has a particularly interesting

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comment on a petition of James Lucena, dated 1761. Lucena was a Marrano who fled from Portugal but, as Dr. Marcus points out, "the fact that he fled did not necessarily mean that he wished to live as a Jew." Lucena, in fact, wished to live as a Christian—but a Christian not subject to arrest by the Inquisition on a false charge of Jewish practices, made plausible by his Jewish origins. No doubt many a former Jew fled from the power of the Inquisition for such a reason.

The attitude of these Jewish merchants toward slavery was no different, it seems, than that of their non-Jewish neighbors. Two letters, however, show that to be a master was not without its troubles, too. Meyer Josephson, who had a country store in Reading, Pennsylvania, wrote to Michael Gratz in Yiddish (1762): "... The [Negro] wench I now have has two virtues, both bad ones. First, she's drunk all day, when she can get it, and second, she is mean, so that my wife cannot say a word to her. She is afraid of her." Naturally he was anxious to sell her, but that was not always easy. In a letter to Barnard Gratz (Michael's brother), another correspondent writes, also from Reading (1772): "About a week since, I put him [Gratz's 'negroe George'] up at public sale at Christopher Witman's tavern, where there was a number of persons who inclined to purchase him. But he protested publicly that he would not be sold, and if anyone should purchase, he would be the death of him, and words to the like purpose, which deterred the people from bid[d]ing. I then sent him back again to the gaoler to keep him at hard labour, which he refuses to do, and goes on in such an insolent manner that's impossible to get a master for him here. . . . He's now almost naked, and if not furnished soon with some cloaths, I fear he'll perish. . . . He's now chained and handcuffed on account of his threats."

AMONG the letters by non-Jews, one by Daniel Boone, addressed to Jacob I. Cohen in 1784, has in its few sentences the flavor of the frontier: "Mr. Jacob Cohons, Merchant in Richmond," it reads, "No doubt you are desirous your land bisniss should be dunn but that is a thing imposible without money, and yours and Mr. Isaacs' will amount to a smart sum. . . . Now, sir, you will pleas to show this bill to Col. Henry or Capt. Chapmon Auston [Austin], who has ben out here a survaying, and see if I am right or not and send the money

by the first opertunety. Mr. Samuel Grant, my sister's sun, will lykly hand you this later [letter]. If so he will be a good hand to send by, and I will bee accountable for any money put into his hands inless kild by the Indins. . . . Your land lyes on Lickeng Rever, on the south side, a bout 50 milds from the Ohigho [River] by water, and a bout 20 by land. Large bouts [boats] may come up to your doore. . . . N.B. Sir: Pleas send me 3 or 4 quire of paper by the bearer, Samuel Grant, if he will bring it."

The very first item in the book appeared in Benjamin Franklin's *Philadelphia Gazette* of March 13, 1753, and was taken from a New York newspaper. Briefly it runs as follows: a Jewish peddler offered a woman as a present a piece of calico "upon condition of her giving up her charms to him." The condition was performed and the present made. Later, the peddler met the woman's husband and told him that he had sold his wife a piece of calico on credit. The husband was enraged that his wife had run him into debt and went right back to his house with the peddler and ordered his wife to return the calico. She did but hid "a coal of fire" in it. The peddler took the calico and went off, quite pleased with the entire transaction until, asked where he had come from, he answered, "From hell!" and at that very moment his pack burst into flames.

Dr. Marcus, to be sure, points out that the story may be fiction (it seems incredible that the "coal of fire" would not have made its presence known at once by smoke if not by flame), but he thinks the item should be used—under the general heading of "The Personal Life"—because "young Jews peddled their wares (and occasionally their charms!) in colonial days." He cites the case of Jacob Lucena, who was convicted in 1670 in Connecticut for "lascivious dalience and wanton carriage and profers to severall women." I know of no other case, though Dr. Marcus may, and we cannot even be sure from the text itself that Lucena made all the "profers." The story should have been included, of course, as a document of the times, but the stress in the introductory note, it seems to me, should have been on the fictions that constantly renew the atmosphere of ill-will in which the Jews have had to live to this day. Benjamin Franklin, incidentally, contributed to the sum solicited by Mikveh Israel of Philadelphia in 1788 for the purpose of saving its synagogue from foreclosure, and Dr. Marcus

has its appeal in his book. [A selection from this volume appeared in our Cedars of Lebanon department in January 1959: "A Jewish Watchmaker in Old Virginia."—Ed.]

The Narcotics Problem

WHO LIVE IN SHADOW. By JOHN M. MURTAGH and SARAH HARRIS. McGraw-Hill. 207 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by EMANUEL CELLER

WHO LIVE IN SHADOW is a constructive and challenging appraisal of the problem of narcotics addiction. Judge Murtagh is Chief Magistrate of the City of New York, and Mrs. Harris is a sociologist. Together, they have anatomized the illicit traffic in narcotics, identified its villains and its victims, scored the deficiencies in current public policy, and offered a controversial proposal for reform.

The authors concede that existing but hitherto unsuccessful efforts at international control, national customs control, and Federal and local criminal prosecution must continue, and they urge redoubled educational activity. Their controversial proposal is that outpatient clinics attached to Federal narcotics hospitals should be established to treat addicts who have been discharged; this would involve the administration, and even the dispensing, of narcotics outside an institutional setting. The proposal is not new; in 1919, outpatient narcotics clinics were operating in fifteen states. By 1924, all had been closed by order of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, without—the authors contend—a fair trial. Although the proposal to revive these clinics has not lacked support among distinguished physicians and judges, Congress has remained unmoved. Relying on the advice of the Commissioner of Narcotics, and appalled by the prospect of appearing to feed a vice by condoning its appeasement, it has met the rising social cost of the narcotics traffic primarily by stiffening penalties. In 1956, Congress prescribed a forty-year sentence for third offenders on narcotics charges, and the death penalty—that barbaric reflex to social frustration—for a first offense in selling narcotics to a person under eighteen.

The authors defend supervised, legalized, outpatient treatment, including the administration of narcotics where medically indicated, by the argument that addiction does not, in

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itself, present a great social problem. Like alcoholism, drug addiction supplies relief from a variety of psychic pressures. It is bad for the addict, but does not, at least in the case of heroin and morphine, which are depressants, stimulate to crime. What creates the social problem is that once "hooked" (i.e. once the body of the addict has been affected to the point where the withdrawal of the drug subjects him to physical agony), he seeks further supplies at any cost and increasing tolerance requires even greater doses. At this point, prohibition plays its part; bootleg drugs are expensive. Fear of the excruciating withdrawal symptoms drives the addict to begging, prostitution, and larceny for the money to obtain his dose; many can solve their personal supply problem only by themselves becoming pushers and peddlers. If relief can be achieved lawfully, at cost, the principal market for illicit, exorbitantly priced, and often heavily adulterated drugs will cease to exist.

Although there are instances of protracted drug-taking which does not lead to addiction, and cases of unrecognized addicts who, having easy access to their drug, lead outwardly normal lives, the prospect of the typical drug user is a bleak one. True, he can be committed to, or voluntarily enter, one of the very few narcotics hospitals. Here he will be scientifically weaned from the drug, his system cleansed of its effects, and he will be given psychiatric and vocational counseling. But all this ends with his discharge; there is no follow-up. The pressures which resulted in the original addiction reassert themselves, and readdiction is the rule rather than the exception.

A DIFFICULTY of existing criminal laws is that they make no distinction between big operators, who are rarely apprehended, and the pitiful pushers and peddlers, often themselves addicts, who are frequently caught. Narcotics traffic in the United States is big business, and police controls have been ineffective. As Alden Stevens, writing in *Harper's* for November 1952, put it: "Just as long as two pounds of heroin can be bought for \$10 and when cut can be sold for \$80,000, it will be cut and sold. Half a million enforcement agents . . . could not prevent this so long as addicts must have it no matter what crimes must be committed to get the price."

That the addict must resort to this vicious racket the authors attribute to a distortion of

Federal law. The Harrison Act of 1914, which imposes rigid controls on the sale, distribution, and possession of narcotics, is essentially a revenue law. It was not intended to interfere with the practice of medicine. Indeed, it specifically exempts the dispensing or administration of narcotics by registered physicians for legitimate medical purposes. After the flagrant abuse of this privilege by a Dr. Webb, the Supreme Court sharply condemned the issue of prescriptions to addicts for their comfort, rather than in the course of treatment or attempted cure. Later this decision was limited in *Linder v. United States* (268 U.S. 5, 1925), where the Court said:

"It [the Harrison Act] says nothing of addicts and does not undertake the prescribed methods for their medical treatment. They are diseased and proper subjects for medical treatment, and we cannot possibly conclude that a physician acted improperly or unwisely or for other than medical purpose solely because he has dispensed to one of them, in the ordinary course and in good faith, four small tablets of morphine or cocaine for relief of conditions incident to addiction."

Meanwhile, however, the Treasury Department had adopted its present policy against all forms of ambulatory treatment of addicts, and the medical profession as a whole has been extremely reluctant to deal with addicts at all. "At present," the authors state, "dope addiction and the pathological conditions underlying it constitute the only maladies for which a patient may not receive treatment from his physician in accordance with the doctor's own best judgment." The clinic plan would deliver the addict from this trap.

What are the objections to such a plan? The Commissioner of Narcotics believes in incarcerating addicts "because of the manner in which addicts spread the habit to their close associates" (*FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin*, January). To this, the authors reply that existing and potential hospital facilities are inadequate to deal with all addicts and make no provision, except recommittal, for discharged addicts who revert. Others object that it is immoral to permit the dispensing of drugs at all, that addicts will refuse to register and cannot be controlled in an outpatient setting, that they will cheat, and that, released from the risks of imprisonment and deprivation, they will easily revert.

Many of these objections cannot be answered

without a trial. The authors do not say what effect the legalizing of outpatient treatment will have on experimentation for "kicks"; nor do they explain why the availability of relief from withdrawal symptoms will strengthen rather than undermine the resistance of discharged addicts. On balance, though, the plan seems worth another trial. Existing measures are not working well, while medicine and psychiatry have advanced in the forty years since the clinics were closed. It should be possible, at first on a limited experimental basis, to provide adequate supervision of the clinics and to guard against cheating and abuse of privilege. Such clinics can also serve as research centers, contributing data that will yield an answer to the hitherto unanswered question of whether addicts can be permanently cured.

Because the issues raised by this book demand further public discussion, this reviewer has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to authorize the establishment by the Surgeon General of the United States of a post-hospital treatment program for drug addiction. Under this bill, clinics would provide guidance, and give medical and psychiatric help to persons released from narcotics hospitals after treatment for addiction. They would assist local authorities in working toward rehabilitation. Addicts are not fiends, but sick people in need of treatment. Every effort known to science should be brought to bear on their full restoration as useful members of society.

Communism in Western Europe

THE POLITICS OF DESPAIR. By HADLEY CANTRIL. Basic Books. 269 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by PAUL KECSKEMETI

Why is the Communist party so much stronger in France and Italy than in any other democratic country of the Western world? It is a prevalent notion among Americans that the iniquities of the French and Italian social system are to blame for this; a strong CP is the nemesis of a backward capitalism.

The analysis of the problem of the French and Italian Communist "protest vote" presented in *The Politics of Despair* starts on a note reminiscent of the "nemesis" theory. The author stresses "the enormous difference between capitalism as it operates in the United States and capitalism as it operates in France and Italy."

In the last-named countries, most workers "feel themselves excluded" from the capitalist economy. The American system, by contrast, is "much more of an open one"; it is "a system in which the workers feel they are participants; a system in which the road ahead is not closed to them just because they are workers."

This comparison seems to me overdrawn. If the American workers, unlike their French and Italian counterparts, accept the existing system, the reason is not that they are "participants" in the running of the economy; they have no share in the making of major managerial decisions, nor do they have any prospects for advancing themselves in the hierarchy of the economic system. What makes a difference is the vastly superior real income of the American worker, which not only insures a better satisfaction of his material wants, but also gives him a much better social standing vis-à-vis other groups. In these respects, American capitalism in fact works much better than French and Italian capitalism, even though the latter is by no means as callous and backward as the "nemesis" theory would have it. Also, the superiority of American capitalism does not, in itself, explain the "protest vote," because the same contrast exists between America and a number of European countries where the Communist movement is weak.

But the comparison between American and



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French-Italian capitalism is merely an introductory theme of *The Politics of Despair*. The book is not a comparative study; its approach is rather descriptive-psychological. Its body consists of summaries and analyses of interviews administered by American research teams and indigenous polling organizations to French and Italian working-class respondents. The research was guided by a set of methodological and theoretical principles developed and concisely outlined by Professor Cantril. These boil down to a biologically oriented conception of reality similar to that expounded long ago by the German biologist Jakob von Uexküll, according to which each species lives in an "Umwelt" (literally, environment) fashioned by its particular needs, drives, and sensory equipment. For Professor Cantril, social groups and even individuals have their characteristic "Umwelt" or (to use the clumsy technical term coined by him) "reality world," in terms of which their behavior should be studied.

Many revealing statements made by French and Italian Communist party members and non-members voting for the party are reproduced in the book. All these show (as one would expect from voters endorsing an extreme oppositional party) both a sense of deep personal frustration and principled dissatisfaction with the established order of things. In the Italian interviews, one often encounters descriptions of naked poverty; in the French, the outstanding material problem seems to be, not abject want, but rather the difficulty or impossibility of satisfying more than one's essential needs. Both groups of respondents voice non-material as well as material grievances. They complain about being pushed down, deliberately kept in an inferior social position

(France), or abandoned, not being able to receive sympathetic hearing from those in authority (Italy).

ONE of the important findings extracted from Professor Cantril's material is that the radical, revolutionary type of personality is very rare even among Communist party members, let alone Communist "protest voters." The respondents quoted are moderate people—moderate in their aspirations, in their demands for change, even in their resentments. The book's title seems much too strong for what actually is in it; accents of real despair are rarely heard. One of the most delightful vignettes in Professor Cantril's book shows an Italian Communist who takes enormous pride in being a substantial citizen; even the priest takes his hat off to him. This is not a desperate man.

Professor Cantril's analysis is valuable because of the emphasis he puts upon the "Umwelt" idea. The radical vote, according to him, is not a reflection pure and simple of objective reality; it is a product of subjective interpretations brought to bear upon external stimuli. This is surely the right approach.

Still, the book as a whole fails to provide an explanation of the exceptional voting strength of the Communist party in France and Italy as compared with a number of European countries where the working of "capitalism" is far closer to the French and Italian than to the American pattern (e.g., Belgium, West Germany, and Austria). *The Politics of Despair* leaves some of the most important aspects of the problem of the Communist protest vote obscure, perhaps because it concentrates exclusively upon the element of working-class frustration.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

PHILIP FRIEDMAN, author of *Martyrs and Fighters: The Epic of the Warsaw Ghetto* (1954), teaches Jewish history at Columbia.

F. W. DUPEE, a new contributor, is a professor of English literature at Columbia.

D. W. BROGAN, of Cambridge and Yale, is also making his first appearance in our pages.

IRVING FELDMAN reviewed *The Zulu and the*

Zeide, by Dan Jacobson, in our June number

CHARLES REZNIKOFF assessed "The Jewish Past in America" in the August 1956 COMMENTARY.

EMANUEL CELLER is chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

PAUL KECSKEMETI of the Rand Corporation last contributed "Intellectual Unrest Behind the Iron Curtain," published in November 1957.

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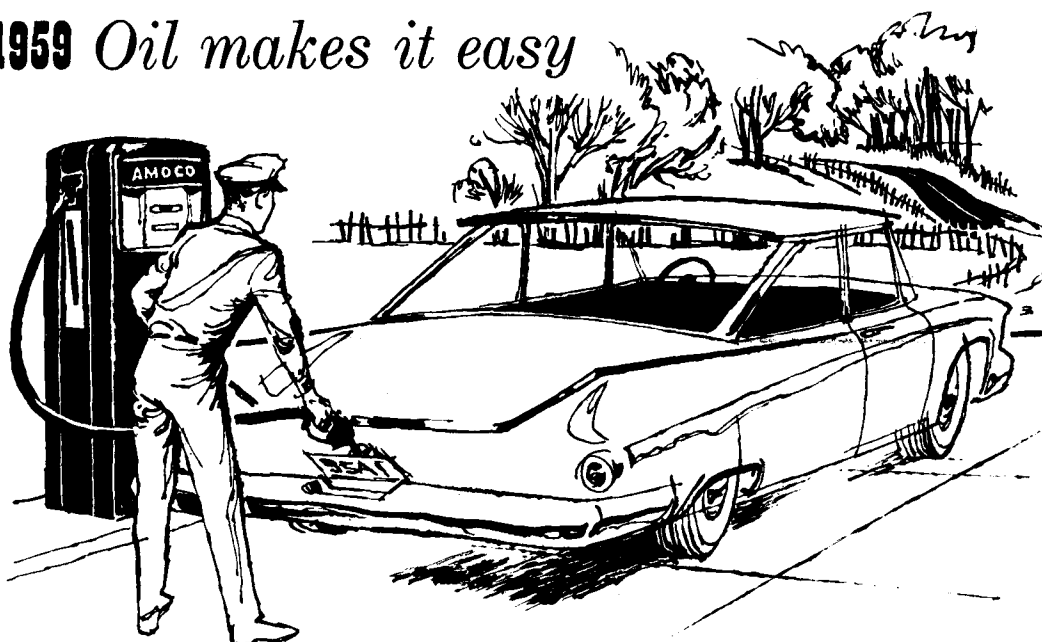
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